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VULGARISMS ON GIN-PUNCH, BY A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

"Man being reasonable must get drunk ;

The best of life is but intoxication."

LORD BYRON.

PROEM : OR PROLEGOMENA.—THE POET confesses himself somewhat refreshed, and consequently in a happy state for versifying. The medicinal properties of Gin described ; its power of communicating sunshine to a gentleman's nose ; with two brief but beautiful illustrations of its mathematical and algebraical properties. The BARD instances Lord Byron's predilection for gin, and giveth his (the Bard's) opinion of Messieurs Coleridge and Wordsworth, after a bowl thereof. He falleth foul of Sir Humphrey Davy, and proves his theory of a *vacuum* in nature to be logically incorrect. Affecting episode of a young gentleman, a water-drinker, who died in consequence. The MINSTREL empties his second bowl, and feelth himself "a giant refreshed :—" his state of mind depicted in three inspired stanzas. The IMPROVISATORE empties his third bowl, and feels himself *quits* with Shakspeare : he likeneth his genius to that of Milton, Pope, Dante, and Cervantes ; to the latter especially, from a corresponding leanness of purse and person. The TROUBADOUR declares the right owner of Don Juan, Old Mortality, &c., and asserteth that he is L. E. L. The RHYMESTER confesses himself the original discoverer of the "Elixir Vitæ," Vaccination, and Steam-boats. He proposeth a plan for draining the English bogs, fens and lakes, but being interrupted by an ingenious observation of his tea-kettle, maketh a good-natured rejoinder, and concludeth his canticle.

My Friends, I am exceeding fresh—oh shame, that I should say so !

But 'tis a fact, for three years past, I've been both night and day so ;

Gin-punch is my sole tipple, by my soul a divine article,

For all who need a stimulus astringent or cathartical.

Some green-horns ape their Burton ale, and some their rum-and-water,

And some their port wine Bishop, *whisk* I call the devil's daughter ;

But I'm for gin, immortal gin, a nectar fit for deities—

(Now don't take this for granted, sir, but drink, and then you'll see it is).

I surely need not tell you how this brisk elixir throws, sir,

The jolly light of sunshine o'er the *nous*, and ake the nose, sir ;

How, touched by its Ithurian spear, the braid of lord or lout, ma'am.

Like a poet's pantaloons is turned completely inside out, ma'am.

Still less need I enumerate its unassuming jollities,

Its rich and rare lubricity, its scientific qualities ;

For if by algebraic laws your two and two make four, sir,

Drink gin in punch, and when you're drunk you'll make a couple more, sir.

For instance, here are two decanters, call them A and B, now ;

Just finish both and then despatch two others, C and D, now ;

This done, two others, E and F, your eye'll discern at random,

For tipplers all see duplicates.—*Quod erat demonstrandum.*

They say that Byron (*vide* Medwin's Journal) loved a drop, sir.

So devoutly of this nectar that he wist not when to stop, sir ;

I'd swear to this, for clearly through Don Juan you may see, ma'am,

The acid sweet and spirit of gin-punch—so much for he, ma'am.

My Bonny Mary.

There's Coleridge, too, as nice a bard as ever stepped in leather,
Both he and poet Wordsworth love a social glass together,
And when they've drain'd a bowl or two, instead of Muses nine, oh,
They see eighteen : for my part, I would sooner see the rhino.

Sir Humphrey Davy tells us that boon nature knows no place, sir,
Of vacuum (aye, that's the word), for matter fills all space, sir ;
Oh, monstrous bounce ! you'll surely find, though nature is so full, ma'am,
A vacuum in an empty-headed water-drinker's skull, ma'am.

I never knew but one who called disease and gin synonymous—
I blush to write his name, so let us dub the wretch " anonymous "—
And he (the fact is true enough to make our sober youth ache)
Died at the age of twenty-two one morning of the tooth-ache.

Unhappy man—enough ; my glass is drained, and now, good gracious !
How high my wit exalts itself, how racy, how capacious !
I'm Jove himself, I'm Mars to boot, I'm great Apollo *ipse*,
I'm Bacchus too (and strongly like, because you see I'm tipsy).

" Give me another horse," I cry, as Richard cried before me—
Another bowl I should have said, or sure my wits will floor me ;
Heav'n opens now, I hear the Muses singing, as their trade is,
" Drink to me only with thine eyes "—with gin, I'd rather, ladies.

Another bowl—and lo ! my brain teems high with inspiration,
I feel myself (and justly too) the Shakspeare of the nation ;
My strength of mind is wonderful ! I'm Milton, Pope, and Dante,
And eke Cervantes—in my purse for all the world as scanty,

'Twas I that writ Don Juan, Old Mortality, and Lara ;
The minor trophies of my pen are Tales of the O'Hara-
Family and Frankenstein ; for when I once begin, sir,
I ne'er know when to stop, and all this comes of drinking gin, sir.

My name is L. E. L.—I lately wrote the Ghost of Grimm, ma'am,
And whoso dares deny the fact, I'll make a ghost of him, ma'am ;
Nay, e'en as far as ten years back, by wit and want infected,
I paid my " Addresses " to the world, but oh ! they were " Rejected."

'Twas I who proved, an age ago, by genius rare and mighty,
Gin, philosophic gin, to be the grand ELIXIR VITÆ ;
'Twas I who found out vaccination (sure you need not grin, sir),
And first invented steam-boats, all which comes of drinking gin, sir.

If I were King of England, I'd drain each lake as is, sir,
And dry up bog and fen where'er it dared to show its phiz, sir ;
I'd qualify their streams with gin, and in another year, ma'am,
Believe me, not one thimbleful of water should appear, ma'am.

But hark ! methinks my kettle cries in monitory chorus,
While we sit singing here, old boy, the punch grows cold before us ;
'Tis well ! I take your hint, and toast aloud with brisk hurray, sir,
God bless us all and this here Gin !—so ends my roundelay, sir.

MY BONNY MARY.

WHERE Yarrow rows among the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A blithe young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unused to branglement or din.
But Love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast so brisk an' airy,
And his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sung of bonny Mary.

" O Mary, thou'rt sae mild an' sweet,
My very being clings about thee,
This heart wad rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.

I see thee in the evening beam,
A radiant glorious apparition ;
I see thee in the midnight dream,
By the dim light of heavenly vision.

" When over Benger's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
I climb the mountain's velvet side,
For quiet rest I get nae ony,
How sweet the brow on Browhill cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry !
For there I see the twisted reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

"When Phœbus mounts outower the muir,
His golden locks a' streaming gaily,
When morn has breathed its fragrance pure,
An' life, an' joy ring through the valley,
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry,
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

"Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,
And shook the dew-drops frae her wing,
Oft has my flocks forgot to feed,
And round their shepherd form'd a ring.
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd an' canna vary,
Aye turning down the westland brae,
Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary.

"When gloaming o'er the welkin steals,
And haps the hills in solem gray,
And bitters, in their airy wheels,
Amuse the wanderer on his way;

Regardless of the wind or rain,
With cautious steps and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen,
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary.

"When midnight draws her curtain deep,
And lays the breeze among the bushes,
And Yarrow, in her sounding sweep,
By rocks and ruins raves and rushes;
Then, sunk in short and restless sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

"The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew,
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary."

THE SUICIDE.

MY father was a Shropshire country gentleman, who, to an ancient descent and narrow income, added the blessing of a family of thirteen children. My mother having died in giving birth to the thirteenth of us, he married a second wife, whose single misfortune it was, as she used feelingly to lament, to have no offspring. My father, though a tender husband, bore this dispensation without repining; reconciled, no doubt, in some degree to it, by the daily cheering sight of thirteen rosy boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, seated at six o'clock in full health, appetite, and activity, at the long mahogany dining-table. This consoling spectacle was strongly backed by the butcher's weekly bills, which reminded our parent punctually every Saturday morning, that Heaven had already done much for him in respect of progeny, and sent him to church on Sunday perfectly resigned to the barrenness of his second lady. These considerations operating on a naturally contented mind, indeed so weighed with my father, that instead of sharing in my step-mother's distress at having no children by his second marriage, he appeared solicitous about nothing so much as how to dispose of that ample stock which he had been blessed

with by his first. It happened, unfortunately, to our house, as to many other good houses, that while our honours had increased with time, our fortunes had waned with it; years, which had steadily added to the antiquity of our name, had as regularly abstracted from the rents and profits of the domain; the genealogical tree shot its roots deep, and spread its branches far and wide, but the oaks were felled, and there was as much parchment on the land as would have sufficed for all the pedigrees of the Welsh principality. When my father came into the possession of the estate, a prudent wife and genteel economy just enabled him to support the dignity of — Place; he kept fewer servants, fewer horses, saw less company, than his father before him, but still the establishment was on a creditable and comfortable footing. As my mother, however, successively blest him year after year with some one of us, matters began to wear another aspect; it became necessary to pare things closer and closer, and by the time that I, the seventh child and fourth son, had arrived at my full appetite, it was necessary to practise the most rigid economy, in order to keep half an ox on our table for our daily meal, and two or three clowns in livery

behind our chairs, to change our plates and fill our glasses. Had our wants stopped here, all would have been comparatively well, but being gentlemen of name in the county, it was essentially necessary to us that we should do as others of our own rank did; we were all accordingly for hunting, racing, cocking, attending balls, music meetings, &c., and miserably was my poor father importuned to provide the means of our various indispensable amusements. In this state of things, it was not surprising that his most earnest wish was to see us "strike root into the pockets of the people" in some way. But he was a Whig, unfortunately, and could therefore do no more than put in the right path against a *favourable turn in public affairs*; which, in the vulgar phraseology, is the *turn out* of the opposite party, and the *turn in* of one's own. My eldest brother, John, took orders that he might be ready for a living; the second, Charles, got, through the friendly interest of our Tory neighbour, Sir Marmaduke Boroughly, an ensigncy in the 60th foot; James went into the navy with a view to a ship when our friends should come in, and, poor fellow, he is at this day a midshipman of twelve years' standing. Unluckily, having come into the world after my three brothers, I found, when my time arrived, that all the best things were disposed of. The Whig bishopric in expectancy, the staff appointment, the ship, were all gone, anticipated by my brothers; and now began my troubles, and the vexatious affair which led to the remarkable incident that is the main subject of this paper. One of my father's earliest and fastest friends was Mr. W——, an eminent London solicitor. Business brought this worthy man to our part of the country, just at the time that the peace had thrown my brother Charles back on my father's hands a half-pay ensign, and also my brother James a no-pay midshipman, and that my brother John had returned from college to take up his abode in the paternal

mansion till a stall should be opened to him by a Whig administration. At this happy moment of reunion, Mr. W—— became our guest, and professionally acquainted as he was with my father's affairs, the sight of his board, so graced with well-grown sons from barrack, sea, and college—not to mention nine daughters, whose pink sashes alone must have required half a mile of ribbon—filled him with a friendly concern. My three brothers *had* their professions; I alone was unprovided for, and there was a sobriety in my air which found favour in the eyes of our guest. The truth is, that I was naturally a romantic, melancholy lad, and at this particular period a little affair of sentiment had deepened this complexion to a very respectable seriousness of deportment. So favourable was the impression I produced on Mr. W——, that a few days after he had left us for London, a letter arrived from him containing an offer to my father, couched in the handsomest terms, to take me into his house as an articulated clerk without the usual premium; and concluding with an intimation that in good time he would take me also into his firm. My father considered my fortune as made, but there was a sound in the word *clerk* that did not please me; it seemed to confound me with excisemen's clerks, parsons' clerks, and all the other clerks that I could think of in the town of D——. At all events, thought I, Louisa Daventry must be consulted before I accede to this derogatory proposal: I don't like it, I am free to confess, but I will hear what *she* says. And that very evening Louisa Daventry was consulted, and never shall I forget her look of absolute horror as she exclaimed, "An attorney's clerk. What! and wear short black gaiters!" The affair was finished! I resolved firmly, and swore to Louisa, never to be classed with a body of men chargeable with short black gaiters! But knowing my father's prejudices in favour of the road to wealth, and that he did not view short black gaiters

in the same light with Louisa and myself, I returned home full only of the honour of our family, and represented to him that it would be highly unbecoming that one of the ancient house of Squanderly should become an attorney's clerk. My father very coolly answered, that our ancient house could no longer keep our ancient family; that, in short, he could not support me in idleness, and that I must accept of Mr. W.'s offer, or remain a burden to my family; a thing, which in justice to my sisters, he could not permit. He told me, further, to be under no sort of uneasiness about the honour of the family, reminding me that I was only a younger son, and that my eldest brother was charged with the maintenance of our house's dignity, while I was free to get rich as I could, like other younger brothers. With all respect I intimated to him that he was entirely in error in his view of the matter, and that my regard to the name of the Squanderlys must compel me to disobey his commands. I observed on the baseness of making sacrifices to wealth, and quoted such passages from the classics as my education had stored me with in disparagement of riches. My father's good opinion of wealth remained unshaken, however, and he was wholly unmoved by my citations. I dared not quote my best authority, Louisa, nor could I urge the black gaiters; this was, I felt, an argument for refined souls, and somehow or other, with every respect for my father, I knew that it would be worse than thrown away on him.

I need not describe the details of the contest; my father was what I called *obstinate*, and I what I called *firm*. The substance of the argument between us might be summed up in these common forms of disputation, "*you shall*," and "*I won't*."

Through the kindness of a friend, Mr. W. was duly informed of the gracious reception I had given to his kind offer, and of the consequent dispute raging between father and son. On learning these circumstances

he wrote at once to my father, entreating him to put no force on the young gentleman's inclinations, regretting that his proposal, meant for the best, should have occasioned domestic uneasiness, and hoping that no more would be thought about the matter. My father, however, who having succeeded in getting so many children, knew the advantage of getting rid of them, replied to such effect as to bind Mr. W. to his offer, but with this proviso—that I should go up to town and attend the office of Mr. W. regularly for six months, after which time I should be free to make my final election. My father further entered into a treaty with me to allow me, during this period, at the rate of 200*l.* a year, while I punctually attended the office, but in default of attendance the allowance was to be stopped. These arrangements having been made, I was packed off to London, having only just had time to snatch a parting interview with Louisa Daventry, in which I vowed never to be an attorney's clerk, and we mutually swore to preserve unshaken constancy.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that I of course imputed the vexatious resolution of my father to the machinations of my step-mother; and also failed not to lay to her account a kind of hint that Louisa's father, Sir Toby, had given me, that my visits to his house were favours which he should value more highly if they were rarer. My step-mother, however, had in truth nothing to do either with the one affair or the other, for she was a harmless, inoffensive being, possessed of one all-absorbing wish, which was to increase the family of the Squanderlys. A desire which, however natural, Providence in its mercy did not vouchsafe to gratify.

While on my journey to London, I consoled myself under all my cares with the idea of the many pleasures that awaited me in the capital; but after the novelty of the first two or three days had worn off, I cannot describe how much, and in how ma-

ny small points of comfort I deplored the change in my habits of life. I had no acquaintance in London excepting Mr. W. whom I looked on as a professional quiz, and his family were not in town: as for the clerks in his office, it was enough for me that they were *clerks*—I was a Squanderer. Then I had exchanged a good house, a genteel, sufficiently furnished, though not *handsome* table, and the society of a large and always cheerful family, for a lodging up two pair of stairs in a little street called Gloucester-street, Queen Square, and a solitary meal on a blackened tough chop, or an impregnable beef-steak. Every thing was squalid within, and melancholy without. I thought of our dear skies and pleasant fields, and sighed at the view of dull, dirty houses, and a dun-coloured canopy of smoke over head, which excluded the sight of even a cloud fresh from the country. From sheer *ennui* I took to the office for a few days, but when there I was expected to share in its duties, and I hated the look of the parchments more than the view of the smoke buildings of Gloucester-street, and found copying an indenture more intolerable than the solitude of my dingy apartment. This did not last long. I began to haunt the theatres at night, (the first step in the Rake's progress,) and to read novels and romances in the day, abandoned Mr. W.'s altogether, killed time, spent my money, ran in debt, and got letters of reproach from my father, nay, even from my brothers. To make short of the discreditable details, at last I received a resolute warning from my father, that if I did not resume my attendance at Mr. W.'s, and make up my mind to avail myself of the means offered of procuring my bread, justice to the other members of his family required that he should withdraw my allowance, and leave me to pursue my own course. This communication somewhat shocked me; but I thought of Louisa, and resolved to suffer the last extremity rather than degrade

myself in her bright eyes. I therefore persevered in the cause which had drawn down my father's displeasure, and after the lapse of a fortnight received from him the following letter:

Henry,—As I hear that my last admonition has not induced you to present yourself at Mr. W.'s, I must take it for granted that some means of making your fortune have occurred to you of which I am not at present aware. You decline one sure way to a competence; I must therefore suppose that you have another in view, but as I am not consulted, I presume that my assistance is not required, and therefore from this hour I shall withhold it. I have children enough with claims on the allowance which has been for some months thrown away on you. From this moment cease to expect it. We all wish you well, and success in the scheme of life you have resolved on pursuing, whatever it may be. I S.

I thought that I had long made up my mind to the worst consequences of my disobedience, but it seemed that this letter opened my eyes for the first time to my utter helplessness, when abandoned to my own resources. My debts (small, very small, as they really were) first occurred to me—how were they to be discharged? how could I meet the applications of my creditors? how could I, a Squanderer, endure the insolence of these importunate people, an insolence of which I had already had a sample or two?—then, how was I to support myself, how to supply my daily wants? I knew not how a stiver was to be earned. I could hunt, shoot, draw a badger, fight a main of cocks, with any youth of my age in the kingdom, but though thus accomplished in my proper sphere, I possessed no one kind of knowledge or skill on which men put a price. "How am I to live?" was the question; "I can die," was my answer. The suggestion elevated me in my own opinion. The squalid details of misery which I had been passing in anticipation before me, disappeared, and I strode across my little apartment with the air of one who had taken a resolution which placed him above the malice of fortune. The being who has been honoured with Louisa's love, thought I, must never submit to *degradation*. That word

degradation was of great use to me ; it supported me through all my desperate resolutions like little Acres's "*honour*." But I did not think with levity of the matter *then*, and the smile never entered my head. Young people always think lightly of death, and my romantic turn made me regard a violent one by my own hands with something very much akin to complacency. I was about to act the first part in a tragedy, which would make some noise in the world. My family would be made to suffer vain regrets, and to repent their rigour towards me. The world would admire my high sense of honour which led me to prefer death to *degradation*. And Louisa Daventry ! — Louisa Daventry would pass a life of virgin innocence in weeping over my early fate, keeping her vestal flame alive in the tomb of her Henry ! I remembered how she had been affected one sweet night as we sat in the honey-suckle alcove, by my reciting to her the lines from Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* :

And say when summoned from the world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree.
Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh ! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I left behind ;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe ?

I was at that time as strong as a horse, and, like Tony Lumpkin, never coughed except when my liquor went the wrong way ; but nevertheless it pleased my sentimental soul to imagine myself fated to early death by consumption ; and I recited these lines with all the eloquence of a lover, and the peculiar tenderness of one anticipating his own demise. Louisa was moved, and sunk sobbing on my shoulder. I triumphed in those tears ; and it afforded me at this period an indescribable satisfaction to think, that the desperate expedient I contemplated, would cause them again to flow in sorrow for my too real and too tragic fate. Yes, I thought, my death will put its sad seal on her

young affections—She will never love another—No ! She will pass the remainder of her blameless life in retirement, and "think on all my love and all my woe." The thought was luxury to me. The thought of the late regrets of my family also pleased me. I felt that they had every thing to answer for ; it was their selfishness that made me a suicide. In my own judgment I stood clear of all blame. I never cast the slightest reproach to my own account. I look-upon myself as an injured, persecuted being, driven to death by the base, worldly, sordid, covetings of my kinsmen. I cannot express how I compassionated myself, and how affectionately I took my own part. The best friends in the world have found something amiss in my conduct ; they all, on such occasions, find faults on both sides ; but I myself was my own best friend, and I found no fault—on my side. I was as magnanimous to myself as Hector is to Helen, in the *Iliad*. I never blamed the main cause of the calamity. I generously carried my reproaches and my wrath elsewhere. Of course my poor innocent step-mother came in for a handsome portion of both. Many a night, after having burned with indignation at her imagined machinations, I have been softened to tears by contemplating my own distress ; and have wept over myself with the tenderness of a mother weeping over the sufferings of an innocent babe. It is astonishing how affliction endears us to ourselves. If what Sheridan says of woman is, as I believe it is, true—that a woman never loves a man with passion till she has suffered for his sake ; it is no less true, that we never love ourselves with full fervour till we have suffered for our faults. A man is his best friend ; there is nobody that feels so much for him as he feels for himself ; and there is nobody who espouses his quarrels with the same zeal and blind spirit of partizanship.

Having now determined on self-destruction as the only means of avoiding want, misery, and degrada-

tion, the time for carrying my resolution into effect was the only remaining point to be settled. I was in no immediate hurry to be cruel to my flesh. While I had the means of living, I thought there was no reason for dying; but I determined not to put the deed off to the last moment, or rather to the last pound. In my treasury I found only three pounds and some silver. My sand, thought I, runs low; but it were cowardly to economise, when death comes, with the last pound. Acting on this feeling, I lived more expensively than usual, (though, heaven knows, my expenses were, after all, by no means prodigious, though exceeding my very slender means.) I drank some wine too; and the first night, after dinner, I had a very good mind to carry my purpose into effect at once, without more delay, for I felt braced up to it, and thought that I could plunge from the top of Waterloo-bridge into the river, as boldly as ever I plunged into a cold bath; but happening to pass Covent-garden Theatre, in my way to look at the water, I dropped in there instead. Here I heard the graceful Miss M. Tree, sing that sweet song of Moore's,

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom.

Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Though there certainly was nothing in me that seemed particularly "*born for the skies*," yet I failed not to apply the sentiment to my intended untimely fate; and the big tears coursed down my cheeks, while Miss Tree breathed the sweet air with that soul and expression for which she was so justly celebrated. I thought that Louisa should sing that song, and that song only, when I should be gone; forgetting at the instant that Louisa did not sing; and requiring, in my own mind, that she should practically belie the injunction of it, by weeping the whole time. On leaving the theatre I was too sleepy to think of suicide. The next day I read the Sorrows of Werter,

wrote a letter to Louisa, and cut off a large lock of my hair, which I enclosed in it. On the third day my money was getting low, and I thought of the choice of deaths. Shooting was out of the question, for I had no pistols; and if I had had any, I conceive that there would be an ugly crunch, like the drawing of a tooth, and perhaps a lingering, painful death, which I felt extremely anxious to spare myself. Throat-cutting I disapproved also, for I was habitually a neat man in all things, and I did not like to make a mess in my lodgings; the sensation of the gash too I fancied might possibly stay one's hand, for I could by no means dismiss my tenderness for my flesh. The idea of drowning pleased me most, for I delighted in the water, and thought that death would come most endurably in the shape of a bath. I was no swimmer too. So much the better. On drowning therefore, I resolved. It may seem odd, but it is nevertheless true, that in considering the means, I escaped all thought of the catastrophe itself. I had determined to die, and pondered on the mode; but the thing itself, *death*, occupied no portion of my thoughts. I had resolved to put out the light, and reflected seriously whether I should clap the extinguisher on it, or snuff, or blow it out, or turn it down in the socket, or ram it against the wall, or quench it in a basin of fair water; but I had never troubled myself with any idea of the consequent darkness. *Death* was a mere word to me: but words were every thing to me. It was the word *degradation* which led me to the remedy *death*. I had quarrelled with the profession allotted to me, because I should bear the name of *clerk*; about the *thing* I never troubled my head, the sound had irresistible power; and that, and Louisa Daventry's conception of attorneys, as black-gaitered men, had given the colour of my destiny. These names had led me to the brink of destitution; and nothing stood between me and the word *degradation*, but the word *death*. But though I did not

think deeply of death, I thought it a pitiable thing that I should die; and I lamented myself, and grieved over myself with a true and tender sorrow. Being alone privy to my own intended demise, I was, as it were, my own chief mourner, and I conscientiously believe that the office was never more sincerely or affectionately filled. My poor stock of money was flying much quicker than a weaver's shuttle; there was therefore no time to lose, more especially as I had some secret distrusts, which I hesitated to confess even to myself, of my own resolution. I dreaded lest want and misery should bind me to existence, as I had observed that men always cling to life with a tenacity inversely proportioned to its worth. Give a man health and vigour, and he will be ready to throw up his life for a straw: fix him to the bed of sickness, blind his eyes, dull his senses, paralyse his body, make him a cripple, helpless to himself and burdensome to others, and he cherishes his maimed existence with frightful earnestness, and contemplates with horror the robber Death, who has little to deprive him of but his pains. The secret dread of sinking to this abject pass, made me hasten my measures—like a child taking physic, I felt the policy of a hasty gulp. And in the afternoon of the third day since the date of my tragical resolve, I went forth with the purpose never to return, having left a packet for Louisa, and a short letter for my

family, bequeathing them my forgiveness, and my debts. I set out at about three, on a mild but blowy December day, and walked from my lodgings to Millbank, thence on to Chelsea, for though it was high-water, and the river ran deep at Millbank, I passed on, preferring, I don't exactly know why, the more distant Battersea-bridge for my fatal plunge. When I arrived at the bridge, the evening was fast closing in, the tide had turned to the ebb, and was sweeping rapidly through the wooden arches, curled, blackened, and hurried, by a brisk south-westerly wind. I thought myself ready for my leap; I first turned to the western side of the bridge, but that aspect did not suit my deed. There was still a good deal of light in the West, and as the breeze raised the clouds from the horizon, and chased them on, a momentary change of scene from quickly varying light and shadow was produced, which did not harmonize with my purpose. Those clouds seemed to carry my thoughts from gloom and death to the pleasant home of my youth. Many an evening on returning from a day's hunting or shooting, I had delighted to imagine them thus sweeping over, on their long, long journey, to hang over the sailor's storm-tossed ship, and lend their gloom to the horrors of the tempest.* I turned from the West to the East side; here all was blackness and haze; I resolved not to hesitate another moment; I placed my foot on

* I have stated that I was a romantic youth; and I believe, without meaning a bad pun, that the heads of all romantic youths are a good deal in the clouds. That is to say, if they are brought up in the country; for town-bred people appear to have no idea of any clouds, except clouds of smoke and clouds of dust. But to us country-folks, who are at all tinctured with fancy, the clouds furnish an ever-varying prospect; and not only do they vary themselves, and vary beautifully, but they vary our landscape, which would grow stale to our eyes but for their passing touches of light and shade. People talk of the sky of Italy; it is doubtless fine to look at once, but the landscape under it, however beautiful, must want variety, and a changing expression. Living in it, must be like being wedded to a beautiful woman who wants play of feature, and whose brightest charms become insipid from sameness. I love our bold fleecy clouds, whose constant motions give an appearance of life to our skies. Wordsworth is the only poet who has made any use of the clouds. In his *Excursion*, this beautiful thought is suggested by a solitary spot—

— In such a place
I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
Of a departing cloud.

Painters know the value of the clouds, but unfortunately they cannot paint them moving; they can only seize the one effect: but the great virtue of clouds, is that of producing ever-varying effects. They are incessantly shading and colouring the objects beneath them.

the rail, and fixed my eye on the whirling black eddies below, which seemed to my then excited imagination as the smiles on the face of a fiend laughing at my destruction. A thought perfectly ridiculous then occurred to me. I have said that I could not swim. I thought, then, I shall sink at once; and while yet full of life, I shall struggle, perhaps stand, and walk, on the slimy bed of the river, with the waters pouring and rushing by over my head, I don't know why, but this idea was full of horror to me; I was prepared to die by drowning, but not with my feet on earth. Had the water been an hundred fathoms deep, I thought I could have made the plunge without hesitation; but the apprehension of feeling my natural, while destroyed by another, element, was terrible; and having looked at the water for two or three minutes, during which time the idea gathered strength, I turned away, walked off the bridge through the toll-gate, instead of the way I had projected, and took the nearest way home. As I approached my lodgings I became bitterly ashamed of myself—I felt that a tragic resolution had been defeated by a most absurd and fantastic idea. I had determined to drown myself, and changed my purpose because the thought of struggling in the mud occurred to me! I resolved to drown myself the next day. When I got home I took tea, dinner I did not choose to afford myself, and I eat several rounds of toast, just as if I had not been a man whose mind was set on suicide, and who was about to play his part in a grand and sad tragedy, for so I considered it.

The next day I rose late, made additions to my letter to Louisa, read Werter till nearly four, and then again went forth to do the deed, but having had enough of Battersea, I chose not to go farther than Millbank this time. While looking out for a proper spot, I saw two genteel lads engaged in a row with some drunken blackguards who were hustling and bullying them; I believe that I

never wanted courage in the common acceptance of the word, and I interfered now more boldly in the affray than perhaps I should have done at another season and in another frame of mind. After a few blows and more words, the ruffians sheered off, the youths were all gratitude, and we walked together to Westminster; when we parted, suicide was as much out of my head as if it had never been in it. I again found my way to my last home in Bloomsbury, and did not feel ashamed of my postponement of the execution of my purpose this time as I did before;—my gallantry in the affray assuring me of my courage. But after this I thought no more of drowning, persuading myself that there was a fatality against it.

The conclusion of this day brought me to my last shilling, but instead of running out my last sand with it as I had projected, I bethought myself of two or three articles of jewelry of small value which I possessed, and I resolved to sell them, and to live a day or two longer on the money. This I did; how I lived I care not to tell; suffice it to say, I sought distraction in every possible way. On Christmas day I came to my last dollar, and a melancholy day it was. The excitement which I had produced for some hours past by artificial means, had given place to the usual consequent depression: my purse was just exhausted: the people at my lodgings looked suspiciously on me: my duns threatened me for the morrow: I was alone in this great city, without a hope for the future, or a friend to cheer the present moment. I remained for many hours in an agony of misery. At one instant I thought of throwing myself on my family, and, if necessary, conceding to their wishes; but when I reflected on the high tone I had assumed, and the firm resolution I had professed, a resolution on which I extravagantly piqued myself, I fancied it would be the height of meanness in me to succumb. I had in truth vapoured a good deal; I had played the hero of

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romance to the life. I had filled the glass, I must drink it, thought I. Louisa Daventry shall lament, but never despise me.

To a friendless, unconnected man, in a large city, a great festival which draws together each domestic circle, and leaves the stranger alone, solitary—is a melancholy occasion. To me, destitute, full of sad thoughts, and desperate resolution, it was a day of bitterness indeed. I saw gladness all around me, and felt misery within. Every sign of cheerfulness quickened the sense of my own forlorn condition. I envied every creature that met my sight, for I fancied that every creature but myself made one welcome guest in some dear circle. I was no where linked in this vast social chain. The thought was bitterness to me, and it afflicted me more than my poverty and its attendant miseries. I have hinted that I was the creature of sentiment, and thrown as I had been, suddenly out of the fostering bosom of a family on the cold wide world, it may not be difficult to understand my feelings.

About the middle of the day my landlady came up stairs, and in that peculiar voice and manner which are produced in landladies by an unpaid bill, asked me whether I did not dine out, taking care to remind me at the same time that it was Christmas-day. I told her I did, and at about four o'clock I left the house, intending to walk about till night, when I purposed to end all my earthly troubles and mortifications. The evening was close and heavy, a drizzling rain fell now and then, and everything out of doors looked blank and gloomy. As if to seek out a place more melancholy under these circumstances than another, I unconsciously took the way to the city, and strolled for some time through its filthy and, at this season, deserted streets; thence I crossed London Bridge, and passed from the Borough into Saint George's Fields; the squalor and misery of this district would at another period have disgusted me, but now I felt more at home there

than any where else. There was no appearance of anything social or cheerful here to shock me by contrast. Hence I wandered to Westminster, and as it began to rain smartly as I passed over the bridge, I made that accident a pretext for taking a seat under one of the covered recesses on that bridge. Here also was a woman rather advanced in life, and of a genteel, but very subdued air: her clothes which seemed scanty and unsuited to the season—a slight shawl and silk petticoat—were dripping wet, and I looked upon her with compassion as a sister in calamity: she avoided looking on me at all. She had a little girl with her whom she held by the hand, and during the time that I was in their company, not a word was exchanged between them; the child gazed up intently in the woman's wan face sometimes, but neither spoke a syllable. I thought they seemed numbered with misery. The only action of the mother, if such she was, was to pass her hand frequently over the child's clothes, and to endeavour to wring the moisture from them. The dollar in my pocket I could not part with; it was reserved to purchase my death, and I could not bestow it to support the lives of these poor creatures. When the rain ceased, the watchman came and desired us to move on, and the woman hurried away with an alarmed air, as if a being apparently so sunk in misery had still something to dread. We went in opposite directions.

After having walked so many miles in darkness, I heard, to my amazement, the cry of past eight o'clock, I thought it should be near midnight, and it seemed to me that there would be no end of this dismal night. Foot sore, drenched with rain, and exhausted, I resolved to make now for my lodgings, and on my way I went into a chomist's near Bloomsbury, and asked for an ounce of oxalic acid to clean boot-tops. The man looked at me, I fancied, as much as to say, you are above cleaning boot-tops, and below wearing such smart gear.

He, however, weighed out the quantity, wrote—"OXALIC ACID—Poison," on the paper, and extended it towards me without any observation. I took the packet with a steady hand, and having before laid the dollar down on the counter, was about to leave the shop without receiving the change. He called me back, reminding me of my omission, to my some small confusion.

I had no farther use for these poor coins, and on my way to my home I looked out for some object on whom to bestow them. I met with none, however; I seemed to myself the only miserable creature walking the streets on that night, so joyous to the rest of the world, and joyless to me. My knock at the door of my lodgings was answered by the servant of the house: she was in truth a *Maritornes* such as is common to lodging-houses; but as she opened the door to me for the last time, and lit and handed me my candle, I invested her with that sort of adventitious dignity which belongs even to the humblest performers in a great tragedy—my dark destiny seemed to shed a romantic colour on the commonest and vulgarest objects around me. The woman, who was dirty, careless, and stupid, had never been in favour with me; on the contrary, indeed; but now I was softened even towards her, and as she performed these homely little offices for me for the last time, I felt moved, absurd, as it may sound, and thanking her with a voice of kindness, told her that I was ill, and therefore going early to bed. Truth compels me to say that she appeared perfectly unconscious that her part at this instant, mean as it was, was one in tragedy, and she wished me good night, just as if I had been a man destined to see the morning. When in the room it struck me that I should want some warm water to dissolve my oxalic acid, and I rang the bell, which was answered by my landlady's daughter. She came up, I knew, in order to display the finery which she wore in honour of the day. I thought: "You little know what is passing in

the mind of the man whose eyes you would surprise with these miserable gauds." She was no more fitted for the part of witness to a romantic catastrophe than the maid, for she was plain and squinted; but these are after thoughts—at the time I had no such trash in my contemplation.

While the girl was fetching the water, I strode up and down the room in some perturbation of spirits. This was the most painful interval in the whole of that terrible day to me. The impossibility of facing the morrow, had completely braced me for my deed before, but this pause at the very point of execution, seemed to relax my purpose; why, I knew not. In a minute, however, the girl returned with the warm water, and asked me, when about to retire, at what hour I would be called in the morning? I felt a choking sensation as I replied: "At the usual hour." She then left the room, giving that slam to the door which reminds a lodger that he has not paid his bill. A moment's communing with myself, shame for my perturbation, and an appeal to my pride, restored me to my resolution, and I was again strung for my purpose. I walked deliberately to the table, mixed the dose, shaking the last grains of the powder from the paper into the glass, and then set it on the looking-glass stand to cool. I then walked up and down the room, composed, and to the best of my recollection perfectly thoughtless—my mind was either vacant, or so loaded that it had lost its action. When I concluded that the draught was sufficiently cool, I walked up to the toilet, took it, and raised it to my lips with a steady hand; at this instant my eye rested on the reflection of my own face in the mirror, and I felt proud of its composure, and pleased to look on it while I drained the deadly draught. This done, I set down the glass with a firm hand, and again walked up and down the room, with some confusion of thought going on in my mind, but no pain or apprehension—those feelings had had their day; they were now gone.

Being weary, after a time I laid down on the bed, waiting the action of the poison, and comforting myself with the reflection that the pain would be short, that it would soon be over, and I at peace. Louisa Daventry, I remember, and my family, did not fill much of my thoughts, which were all centered in myself: my anxiety was all about myself, and how I should bear my sufferings, and whether my courage would hold out as the shadow of death darkened my intellect. Strange as it may seem, while thus meditating, my ideas wandered, and a doze came over me, and I slumbered, I should imagine for nearly an hour; on waking suddenly, I felt the common shock of recollection under calamitous circumstances, and wondered that my body was still at ease, as the long wick of the candle showed me that my doze had not been short. It will last me out, I thought; and I continued for about half an hour gazing at the dull light and fancying the likenesses of fantastic forms in the gloom beyond it, while the wind howled, and the rain pattered against my window. Then, for the first time, I felt some twinges of pain, which admonished me that the enemy was at work, and which increased gradually in violence, till I suffered what I knew to be the usual operation of poison. I thought now of nothing but my pains, and perceived that the work of death was by no means of a dignity corresponding with its horror. The process grieved my flesh, and shocked my sentiment. As the pains grew sharper I began to repent of what I had done, wishing it undone or over, and frequently examined my pulse to ascertain the exhaustion of my strength—other pains and fancies then possessed me. But I must draw a veil over the scene here, for even at this distance of time, there are circumstances in it which I cannot bear to remember, much less to commit to paper.

My groans, groans more of mental than of physical suffering, at last alarmed some part of the family; and

my landlady's daughter tapped at the door and asked me whether I was ill? No answer being returned, she opened the door and repeated her inquiry; I replied: "Leave me alone—leave me alone—I have taken poison—leave me to die in peace." On this, she uttered a loud scream, then rushed to the head of the stairs, and stood screaming there till the whole family, which had sat up caressing, were brought to the spot. In answer to their questions about the cause of the uproar, she only screamed, and at length, to explain the matter more clearly, went into hysterics. After the lapse of some valuable minutes, when they had found that nothing was to be learnt from her, the master of the house, a coarse fellow, applied to me to inform him what had happened, and I told it to him pretty nearly in the same words in which I had told it to his daughter. He received the intelligence differently. "A pretty business this here," said he, "I would not have had such a thing to happen in the house—no, not for a thousand pounds!" And then off he went, as he said, for the doctor. I faintly told him it would be of no use—that human aid would not avail; but I must confess that I felt no disposition to offer any vehement resistance to the experiment. My bed was now surrounded by the members of the family, who ceased not to ask me how I came to do such a thing, and to admonish me of the sinfulness of the action; at the same time that they seemed full of the most tender anxiety to alleviate my bodily pains. Indeed, such was their zeal for me, that but for the good sense of a visitor, they would have made me swallow all the salad oil which there happened to be in the cruet-stand, on the strength of its antidotal reputation, without waiting the arrival of the doctor. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, which seemed to me an age, the apothecary arrived, and having very sensibly commenced business by clearing the room, he asked me what the poison

was, the quantity, and how long I had taken it. I told him what it was, the quantity, and that I took it at about nine; he pulled out his watch, looked at the time—half past twelve, and looked grave. "What did you take it in?"—I replied, pointing to the glass on the toilet. He walked up to it, as I thought, with strange deliberation, and unfeeling composure, and seeing the paper on the table, took it up, read the inscription, and dropped it with a manner which went to my heart, and made my teeth chatter in my head. I then felt, for the first time, the horror of death,—I then seemed, for the first time, to feel that I was indeed dying,—fated in a few quick minutes to cease to be,—and passing bitter was that moment of agony! Still I watched the apothecary, as if my last shadow of hope rested on his uncouth person. Having laid down the paper as I have described, he immediately took up the glass—and this period, short as it was, was the period which contained for me an age of anguish—he dipped his little finger in the moisture at the bottom of the glass, carried it to his lips, tasted it, and looked surprised,—tasted it again, and—burst into a loud laugh! My blood boiled against the monster, but before I could find words, he said: "Come, come, young gentleman, there is no harm done after all. Here has been a lucky mistake. You have taken a dose of Epson salts instead of oxalic acid, and it will cool your blood and do you a great deal of good, and you will be all the better for it to-morrow, and thankful that you are alive and kicking. Say your prayers, thank God for all his mercies, and go to sleep. Good night." And with these words, and a ha! ha! ha! he closed the door. In a minute the whole house rang with the same sound—every creature was giggling and chuckling, and I heard their smothered titters as they passed the door.

From an agony of dread I now passed instantaneously to an ago-

ny of shame. My tragedy had, in a second, been converted to burlesque. I thought I should never survive it; but of suicide I thought no more. But nature was exhausted, and in spite of my trouble, I fell asleep, and woke only at near twelve o'clock the next morning, when the maid knocked at my door, telling me the hour, and that she had two general-post letters for me, for the postage of which she would thank me, as her mistress *had no change*. I now thought of the few shillings which I had been so anxious to get rid of as useless to me the night before, and right glad was I of their assistance at this moment. The postage was thrust under the door, and the letters were then made over to me through the same channel. I had no mind indeed to show my face if I could avoid it. The letters were from my father, and my brother the ensign. On opening the first, my eyes were gratefully surprised by the sight of a twenty pound note, which as I hastily unclosed the envelope, escaped from its confinement, unfolding its beauties to my delighted view as it fluttered, opening as it fell, to the ground, whence I snatched it with that eager instinct of affection which shows that if there be such a thing on earth as love at first sight, it is the love of a bank-note, whether white, spotless, and unprofaned by indorsement; crisp, pure, and immaculate in silver papyrus intact innocence, as it comes like a snow-drop from the parent bank; or dirty, blurred, and blotted, scribbled, sleazy, greasy, thickened, frowsy, thumbred, and *languidior beta*, as it comes torn from the fond and reluctant hands of doating men. These are the friends it always glads us to see—these are the friends it always grieves us to part with. For my part I love to see them in any shape, but I have a preference for them in their virgin, undefiled beauty, fresh and fair from Threadneedle-street. Such a note was this which flew from the folds of my father's letter, and expanding on the air as it skimmed to the

ground, blew in an instant to the full blossom beauty of a twenty-pounder. I took it up, folded its dear form with a tender and respectful hand, gazed fondly at its figure, and reverently committed it to my long widowed pocket-book, then read my father's letter, which ran in these terms:—

Dear Henry—I trust that the short trial to which I have subjected you, will have had the effect of teaching you a lesson of worldly prudence, and convincing you of the necessity of looking after the main chance. There is nothing to be done in this world, my dear boy, without money; and you must by this time have discovered, if I am not greatly mistaken, the difficulty of procuring it. There is a road to a certain independence now open to you; and as you know my wishes, and perhaps now better understand your own interests, I am not without hopes that you will conquer your romantic notions and follow it. But decide for yourself. Weigh my situation; consider how many of your brothers and sisters I have to provide for, and how confined are my means; then make your final choice. If you determine not to do as I wish, come down to us, and we must make the best of a bad business. Out of my poor resources I will do what I can for you, but I shall not live for ever, Henry; and while I do live, my means of serving those I love are miserably circumscribed. In the event of a change of ministry, indeed, I might do something for my children, but the Tories seem to be set in for ever, and a long rainy day we Whigs must look for. Adieu, my dear boy, be either here or with Mr. W—— without delay.—Yours, &c. J. S.

The other letter from my brother, the ensign, was as follows:

My dear Henry—We know what my father has written to you, and hope you will be an attorney, and grow devilish rich, and keep a famous house in town, where one can come and see you once in a way. I assure you that a house in town is no such bad thing. Dick Clinton of ours had a brother in town who kept a good house, and a devilish comfortable thing it was for him I can tell you. When the rest of us used to be poked away in pigeon-holes, up three pair of stairs, at the Northumberland and the Salopian, and loosing our teeth in the tough slices of cow's hides at sliver-shops, there was Dick in clover, living like a fighting cock at free quarters. Dick's brother was worse than an attorney; he was in some shop-pish business or other, but Dick saw nothing of his shop, and a good deal of his table, and a deuced good one it was too. So be an attorney, Henry, like a good boy, and we'll have some famous fun together yet.

Poor old Ponto's dead and gone at last. We buried him with the honours of war under the chestnut-tree at the old gate. More bad news too—Dido got spiked the other day, we don't know how, but John Gregson thinks he can cure her. By the bye, your old flirt, Louisa Daventry, was married last Monday to Colo-

nel Drystick, the yellow nabob, that you and she used to laugh at so unmercifully for insisting on putting the whist-table candles on stilts, and sitting in one particular chair or no where at all. Do you recollect the rage he used to get into with me when I made a row at backgammon. Well, he's married to Louisa Daventry, the little mischief; and you can't imagine what fun it was to see him while the business was doing in church; he was afraid of the cold and damp you know, and looked so bilious and so miserable with his coat buttoned up to his chin, I am sure he would have put Louisa's shawl on if she had offered it to him. They have taken Mason's house for a twelve month. The match was made, they say, in ten days from first to last. Double-quick time, an't it? But I must stop, for Thomas is going off to the post this instant, and I have given you a famous long letter. I did not think it was in me. Be an attorney, my boy.

Yours, affectionately,

C. S.

P. S. James insisted on hunting with the Yowley hounds on Tuesday, and threw down Hermione at Paddy-hill, and broke her knees. This comes of sailing. My father was devilish mad, but Mam made it up.

So then, thought I, for this little jilt and her nonsensical prejudice against black gaiters, I have quarrelled with my kind father, resisted a scheme which undoubtedly has its advantages, and finally attempted my life. A pretty farce it would have been if I had drowned or poisoned myself out of deference to the taste of *Mrs. Drystick*—*Mrs. Devilstick*!—but she'll be miserable with that parched piece of anatomy, and I don't pity her. But never again will I believe that there's faith in woman. Here followed the usual train of thought which every man perfectly understands, and the whole was wound up by a resolution to forswear love, to comply with my father's wishes, and put myself in regular training at Mr. W.'s. How I prevailed upon myself to face the people of my lodging house, who had witnessed the last night's mock-heroic farce, I can scarcely even now comprehend; but the Epsom salts, (about the first dose of physic I had ever taken within my recollection,) together with the fasting of the preceding day, had left me in a condition of stomach peculiarly favorable to breakfast, and the keenness of my appetite fairly vanquished my sense of shame. I rung the bell, ordered the bill in a peremptory tone, change for

a twenty pound note, and breakfast. The change for the note changed the notes of the whole family ; they were in a moment all obsequiousness, and no allusion was made to the last night's tragedy ; but I fancied, nevertheless, that I saw a suppressed titter on every face. My resolution to attend regularly at Mr. W.'s was more exactly adhered to than my resolution to commit suicide. I was received with every mark of kindness, soon got accustomed to harness, and promised to become a very pains-taking practitioner. I changed my lodging as soon as possible, as they reminded me too strongly of the follies of my days of romance, and I

soon became in every sense of the word, another man. I am now in Mr. W.'s firm, and married to a very amiable woman, who has not, I firmly believe, any ideas of any sort or description on the subject of short black gaiters. This spring Louisa Drystick was in town ; we visited her, and found her apparently a very happy wife, and well satisfied with her bargain. I pointed to my boots, and desired her to observe, that short black gaiters were not essential to the person of an attorney. She laughed, and said we were great fools in those days, and I believe she was right.

VIOLANTE ; A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

A CONSIDERABLE time before the inn on the summit of Mount St. Bernard had attained its present magnificent form, a stormy winter night led several travellers to seek the shelter of the small dwelling which friendly hands had erected on that spot. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and the company, which consisted of young men of rank, or, at least, of fortune, who were all more or less acquainted, having often before met on both sides of the Alps, gathered round it, to enjoy, over some flasks of old wine, the conviction of having escaped from serious danger. The inspiring liquor soon raised the spirits of the guests, and the snow-storm, which continued to drift against the windows with great violence, became the subject of laughter. The song went round, and every individual gave a specimen of the language and manner of his country, for which indulgence, or rather praise, was bestowed on him by the others, who, for similar communications, met with the same friendly return. This happy harmony caused, at last, the eyes of all to rest upon the only person who seemed unsusceptible of it. It was a young German nobleman, who

thrust his discord into the cheerful chorus. Bernwald was his name, and he was known to all the company either personally, or by the favourable reputation which his manly character and noble manners had every where obtained for him. To press such a guest with indiscreet questions, or to make his silence the subject of mirthful jests, was not deemed advisable ; but the wish to learn what had thrown the youth, formerly so cheerful and social, into this deep dejection, increasing in every breast, some of his more particular friends ventured to ask him, in a sympathizing tone, why he would not to-day enliven their joy, by sharing it.

Raising his head with an expression of mild sadness in his countenance, he seemed astonished to find the social rejoicing silenced, and the eyes of all present fixed upon himself ; he therefore, after a short pause, thus addressed them :—" My friends, my melancholy aspect has interrupted your joy ; I feel that I owe you some indemnification for it ; will you accept as such the communication of the extraordinary circumstance which has cast this gloom over my mind and my countenance ? It cannot af-

fect you so powerfully as it has affected me, who was partly involved in it, and who am most intimately connected by the ties of early friendship with him to whom this occurrence happened; nevertheless, it may move your sympathy to hear how the delusions of the world brought destruction and grief on the noblest love."

The company having expressed their approbation of Bernwald's proposal, he began as follows:—"Some of you have known the young Count Lindan, and have loved him for his worthy mind, his affectionate disposition, and, above all, for his poetic genius, which first allured him out of his dear old Germany into this country. Notwithstanding his travels and his wanderings, a strong attachment for the place of his nativity, for its customs, its legends, and its poets, ever filled his heart, and he often expressed this feeling in songs which he used to accompany with the guitar. One evening, as he was seated on the fragments of an ancient temple on the sea shore, in the neighbourhood of Naples, he was singing one of his favourite songs, and I was stretched on the fragrant grass by his side, listening to him, when two veiled females glided past us, one of them seeming, by her dress, her figure, and her manner, to be a high-born lady. She stopped a moment, as if arrested by Lindan's song, but when surprise at the apparition silenced him, she turned away in disappointment, and vanished amongst the shrubbery. Some soft chords from Lindan's guitar followed her, and I said, in a laughing tone, 'She looks like a Nausica here on the beach, my friend, for whom one would willingly submit to an Odyssean shipwreck, and a ten year's wandering into the bargain, for the pleasure of being comforted by her, and, having no Penelope at home, to marry her, if possible.' Lindan had but half heard my speech, he repeated, 'Shipwreck! wandering! our whole existence is perhaps no better, and the love even of this sorceress may lead to the same end.'

"He resumed his song, but, as if seized with a prophetic feeling of approaching grief, he gave it a more tender and more melancholy expression, until a melodious female voice, from a neighbouring bower, interrupted him. The singer scolded him, in sweet Italian sounds, that he could venture to awaken, with foreign and even lamenting tones, the echo of the Parthenopean shore. Lindan, familiar with the cheerful art of the improvisatore, was replying in a similar manner, when we perceived the female figure who had first passed us leave the bower, and advance towards us. Yielding to the entreaties of my friend, she raised the veil which hid her face, and we discovered the beautiful *Violante*, the daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman, and the most celebrated beauty of the land. We had never before had an opportunity of closely admiring her charms; my friend's excursions and searches after old lore and legends among the country people having excluded us from the gay world; but she now, after asking our names and rank, invited us to follow her to her father's villa, that she might introduce us to him. We gladly accepted the offer, and have lived since that evening under the magic spell of the lovely apparition. We entered, in the mean time, into closer connexion with the world, and my friend strove, by the tenderest attentions, to gain the heart of *Violante* for himself, and for his country. He soon succeeded, as far as regarded himself; his handsome figure, his pleasing and affectionate manner, shortly gained him the love of his fair mistress; but *Violante* heard every proposal to go to Germany with decided aversion. A strife began between the lovers, wherein—may every foreigner in this assembly excuse the expression!—the German depth and purity of feeling carried the point against *Violante's* Italian pride, and her effeminate disinclination for the uncouth sounds of a northern language. She submitted to the task of learning the Ger-

man from her friend ; and whilst he was making her acquainted with our poets and our philosophers, new and wonderful blossoms germinated in her breast. It afforded great delight to observe the progress of these northern flowers and tendrils in this southern garden ; and the attentive gardener, my good and pious Lindan, fostered his beautiful love-blossoms in silent happiness, without forming for the moment another wish. Violante was the first to suggest the necessity of securing their union ; every thing was accordingly prepared for Lindan to make a formal proposal to her father. He thought with trepidation of the important day : not that he had any cause to apprehend a refusal, against which his rank, his fortune, and his faith in the Roman Catholic religion, protected him, but he dreaded the ceremonies of a court presentation, and all that follows such a step. Poor Lindan, thou wast spared all these formalities, but in a far, far different way from what thou hadst anticipated or wished ! Some time had elapsed since a young Frenchman had been introduced to Violante's father. We at first overlooked him in his commonplace courtliness ; but he soon succeeded, by means of some pretty canzonettes, and some stale jokes, the emptiness of which constituted their most prominent quality, to raise himself into notoriety. Lindan met this new apparition with friendly affection, his cheerful and unassuming disposition reflecting every new formation of the human mind to its best advantage. Nevertheless, the foreign youth soon became troublesome to us. The commonplace courtliness, which had at first modestly stood back, raised itself to higher and more assuming stations, until it gained, no one could tell how, the highest place in the assembly, and circumscribed and suppressed every expression of genius as well as originality, under the pretence of gratifying all, whilst it, in reality, gratified but its own spokesman. Lindan grew silent and

reserved in company ; a song from Violante, a solitary walk with her, recompensed him for many a tiresome hour spent in the now monotonous circle. He scarcely noticed the young Frenchman's wish to gain Violante's love, and when he did, he merely smiled at it, as an extravagant undertaking. I felt differently. I saw but too clearly how much the stranger gained in Violante's eyes, and how much the sweet plants, which Lindan fostered in her mind, lost thereby. Daily one of the tender blossoms faded, and at last there sprung up so many Parisian tulips, that a German forget-me-not, and a proud Italian rose, could but seldom raise their heads. Lindan, for a long time, shut his eyes, as if intentionally, to this melancholy change. One evening, however, he sought me after leaving the circle, and his eyes were filled with tears. 'I fear, Bernwald,' said he in a low voice, 'I have lost her !' I was silent, but a deep sigh escaped my troubled breast. 'And yet,' continued he, 'I must strive for her as long as I am able. Such a paradise is not so easily resigned.'

"After this, Lindan's behaviour towards the Frenchman grew serious, nay, almost hostile. He openly attacked his pitiful shallowness, but the adversary always effected his escape. The circumstance, that most of the phrases which the smatterer uttered passed his lips without being understood, and left his heart without being felt, was as great an advantage to him, as oil to smooth the body is useful to the wrestler, while it prevents his antagonist from obtaining any where a secure hold of him. We lived melancholy, annihilating days !

"One fine mild evening assembled us all on the terrace in front of the Villa. The night rose so majestically out of the sea, spreading slowly over the yet faintly illuminated earth, while a few stars were smiling down upon us from the azure sky, that we all, wrapped up in deep admiration, unconsciously grew silent ;

even the Frenchman's indefatigable tongue ceased for a moment its exertions. Lindan was seated next to Violante ; an ardent desire after the love he had lost, and the happy days that had gone by, coming over him, he asked the beautiful girl for a German song, which she formerly was wont to sing with great emotion.

"The general silence caused the Frenchman to overhear his words ; and, without waiting for Violante's reply, he expatiated on the barbarity of expecting such beautiful lips to utter such Gothic sounds. 'The answer of my fair neighbour is the only one that I can accept of,' said Lindan, mildly ; but when the Frenchman continued his gibes, Lindan would have retorted, had not Violante, perceiving his intention, endeavoured to prevent it, by adding, while her face was yet brightened with smiles, called up by the French jokes, 'Indeed, my dear Count, if it be doing you a great favour, I will sing the song ; but as to pleasure, it really does not afford me any. You are going to scold, my good teacher ; but you must confess, that you laid my poor lips under some restraint, by teaching me your German language. If ever I found any pleasure in it, you must ascribe it to the charms of novelty, and I now return to the nationality which is natural to me ; nevertheless, should any thing foreign be required, you will allow me, that the pretty chansons which the chevalier has taught me are better qualified for general amusement.'

"'Yes, yes, if that was the meaning !' replied Lindan, in a depressed tone of voice, and sunk into deep abstraction, without noticing even the triumphant exclamations of the Frenchman. I held the German cause and myself in too high estimation to make any reply to this verbal abstract of Boileau and Batteux. He consequently let his suada take its free course, and concluded by deriding his vanquished foe's vain attempt to make the beautiful Violante *Tedesca*. 'Yes,' he added ;

'every nation must have its particular poetry ; but to introduce boorish songs into the boudoirs of high-born beauties, marks a boorish education.'

"I was going to speak, when Lindan stopped me, and said, in German, 'This is my concern, my brother ; by thine honour, and by our friendship, thou shalt prepare it for me.' He then arose, bowed to the company, and withdrew. Violante was struck, the others were embarrassed, and the Frenchman seemed unconscious of any thing but his triumph, until I took a favourable opportunity of whispering to him,—'Count Lindan expects you to meet him to-morrow morning at five o'clock, with a second and a pair of pistols, on the small island which you here see before us.' A sudden paleness spread over his features ; but, true to the dictates of old French chivalry, he immediately recovered his presence of mind, and accepted the challenge with the best possible grace. I withdrew.

"The following morning we met at the appointed hour. The chevalier was accompanied by a surgeon and an elderly French gentleman, who tried to speak of a reconciliation, but was prevented by the youth, who observed Lindan's serious and determined silence. They agreed to fire in advancing, the Frenchman having disputed Lindan's right to the first shot, an advantage which Lindan was as unwilling to give up as to contend about. They stood opposite to each other. I gave the word to fire. They advanced. The chevalier fired,—a struggle in Lindan's body told me he was wounded. Blood streamed from his side, yet he advanced a few paces. His shot entered the chevalier's breast, and stretched him on the ground. The surgeon declared the wound to be mortal ; and as Lindan was only hurt by a grazing shot, I hastened to save him from the dangers which the chevalier's near connexion with the Ambassador of his country might occasion to us.

"We went to Rome, and there weekly received accounts of the chevalier's state of health. My friend's mind was oppressed with grief at the destruction of his happiness, and darkened by the thought that the stranger had received a mortal wound from his hand. He recollected his having sometimes mentioned his mother ; every trifling expression that had passed on the subject was now revived, and clad in tenderness, by Lindan's soft disposition. He represented to himself the unknown female, in the most melancholy and distracted state, and reproached himself as the cause of all her distress.

"*'He lives !'*" cried he, one day, entering my chamber with a letter in his hand, and his countenance beaming with delight,—*'he lives ! and is able to go about again !'* We now finished the perusal of the letter, of which Lindan had, in the hurry, but glanced over the first lines. What news were here in store for my poor friend ! His correspondent, anxious to give valid comfort, wrote, that entire reliance might be placed in the chevalier's recovery, as he was, in the course of eight days, to celebrate his nuptials with the Countess Violante.

"We for sometime looked at each other in silence, at last Lindan said, with a faint smile on his pale countenance, *'What better could we expect ? It is not now that I first lose her. But let us go home to Germany, my friend ! Oh, for the dear oaks around my parental castle ! How much shall I have to tell them !'*

"We set out, but Lindan's health declined, partly on account of his wound having been neglected, but more so on account of the deep dejection that preyed on his mind. In this manner we reached a small country-seat, in the Milan territory, which I had sometime ago purchased with a view of often re-visiting Italy. We intended to return home from hence through Switzerland, where Lindan had some near relations and friends ; but a serious indisposition stretched my friend on a sick-bed, and the doctor's orders kept him a prisoner

at my seat for several weeks after his complaint was removed.

"Amongst our former acquaintances in Naples there was one particularly remarkable for his insignificance and dullness ; the most ordinary and open situations and relations of his neighbours were to him impenetrable. This inoffensive being happened one day to claim the rights of hospitality at our quiet dwelling ; and while we were scarcely bestowing a due degree of politeness on his presence, fate would have it, that he should thrust the sting of the deepest anguish into the heart of my friend.

"He related, that, as a friend of the family, he had been present at Violante's nuptials. Every thing had been conducted with great magnificence, according to the general custom, and nothing had tended to damp the expectations of the guests, save the pale and quiet appearance of Violante, a circumstance which the narrator, however, imputed to a natural timidity becoming such an occasion. The bridegroom, after delighting the company with a burlesque execution of a German song, requested Violante to sing a similar one seriously, that the guests might decide whether her bewitching lips were able to lend harmony to such barbarous compositions. He asked her for the song of the terrace, by which our friend suspected he meant to designate some particular evening. Violante cast an expressive look upon her betrothed, and said, after a short silence, with marks of great astonishment, *'If you wish it !—'* She then sung, and sung with always increasing emotion, until all present were affected ; at last her eyes overflowed with tears, and she rushed from the apartment with audible sobs. She has not been seen since. A report was spread that she had been taken ill, but no doubt was entertained that she had vanished from her father's house, without leaving any trace behind."

"Lindan's wounded spirit was unable any longer to conceal the source of its distress, and the stranger left

us that very evening. My friend and I sought the shades of the park to divert our minds; he at last broke our long silence, saying, 'That marriage evening of Violante's has made me so sad, that I could fancy I heard the lovely scared dove cooing to us from yonder pines.'

"He had scarcely finished these words, when we actually heard soft lamentations and animated talking from that quarter: yea, drawing nearer, we could distinguish German sounds, which induced us to stand and listen what was to be confided to an Italian evening sky in tones to us so familiar.

"Don't weep, don't weep,—my dear friend,' said a lovely voice, which vibrated but too sensibly in Lindan's heart. 'I tell you I am now all your own again, as the song has it; do you remember it? I once refused to sing it to you, but I now sing it in my dreams, and when I am awake——'—Then suddenly interrupting her own song, she whispered, 'The Frenchman is not near us, I hope—he cannot be here,—you know I dread his gibes, but love you nevertheless as warmly as ever. Do bear with me patiently!'

"Lindan threw himself into my arms with great emotion. 'She is here!' ejaculated he; 'she speaks to me,—she still loves me! Oh come, come,—I'll surprise her with my presence.' Drawing nearer, we perceived Violante embracing the stem of a pine-tree, and bathing it with her tears. 'Do not give to the tree what belongs to me, my sweet angel,' said Lindan, his voice softened with melancholy joy; 'it comprehends thee not; the rustling of its branches is its only answer; here a true heart speaks to thee through faithful lips.'

"Violante raised herself with an extraordinary degree of embarrassment in her manner. She soon, however, recovered her composure, and came to meet us with all the airs of the gay and the fashionable; she addressed us as strangers, in the French language and spoke to us on the common topics of court conversation.

'Violante, what ails thee?' exclaimed Lindan, in German. 'He whom thou seekest is here,—the Frenchman is far off.'

"Non, monsieur,' said she, in a timid voice; 'non, monsieur le chevalier, croyez moi, je vous le dis franchement, jamais je ne serais à vous;' and hurrying back to the pine-tree, she embraced it, whispering tenderly, 'Deliver me from his persecutions, my dear German friend. He is so troublesome, and I cannot get rid of him. He must shun thy valiant arm—make him begone!'

"The evening breeze now shook the foliage of the pine tree, 'Entendez vous ce qu'il dit, monsieur?' resumed Violante; 'je vous prie de vous ménager, et de vous retirer, cela vous fera du bien.'

"Alas! what I had anticipated, proved but too true. Her accomplished mind was deranged, and continued so in spite of all endeavours to cure it. When Lindan tried to approach her, she flew from him with loud screams; but though she never could be allured into the house, she never passed the boundary of the grounds. Whenever she was prevailed upon to answer my friend, she always did so in the French language,—made use of the choicest phrases, and continued in the melancholy illusion that she was speaking to the chevalier; she, on the other hand, lavished the sweetest caresses on trees, shrubs, and statues, mistaking each of these objects for the ardently wished-for Lindan.

"My poor friend allowed his deep distress to prey upon his vitals, and the rapid decay of his strength proved his only comfort for the insurmountable separation from a mistress who lived under his own eye, and continued to love him with the tenderest affection. He caused a tomb to be constructed for Violante and himself; 'Here, at least, we shall find rest together!' exclaimed he, looking at the finished edifice, and consecrating it with a plenteous offering of pious tears. Violante one day finding him alone in this place, shewed him less timidity; she even

began to talk German to him, and said at last, 'If you would not think me mad, my dear sir, I could almost feel inclined to tell you that you remind me of my dear, oh, so-much-beloved Lindan.' A ray of hope glimmered in his soul; but dark distraction suddenly spreading its insatiating wings over her poor mind again, she flew from him, uttering a scream of terror. This same thing has often happened since; and Lindan spends whole days near the tomb, in order to catch on this spot, which the approaching sacrifice seems to have hallowed, the few bright moments which flash through Violante's mind.

"Called to Germany on business of importance, I took leave of him, as if for ever. Poor Violante will have found rest long ere my return. Already her tender spirit strove painfully to free itself of its earthly bonds, and to fly to where eternal truth and love for ever reign."

Bernwald ceased, and a melancholy silence prevailed throughout the company, when something was heard rustling against the window; the person nearest to it threw open the sash, and a beautiful white dove was seen looking in, and then directing its flight straight towards heaven.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE.

"**B**E dissuaded, Barbara: oh, do not tamper with fiends!" said the fair, pious Margaret, to her young companion. You have beauty, and much that you ought to be grateful for. The devout are always contented."

Barbara was a light-hearted, gay maiden, who had never known what privation is. Her native town, Magdeburg, had been destroyed a few years before; but as she was absent on a journey at that time, by a fortunate coincidence, even this event had scarcely cost her a pang. She was now lodging along with her rich parents, in the upper story of a house, the sole remnant of a handsome fortune, which Margaret's mother, who had become a widow early in life, once possessed. The two maidens, however, kept up a warm friendship, though their circumstances were so different, and their dispositions, if possible, still more different; but they shared, in common, a good ground-work of piety and kind-heartedness. Barbara would come down to Margaret one evening, and at another time Margaret would go up to Barbara. The widow had gone out to visit a sick person, and they were sitting together at the fire-side in her little room, while each was

plying the distaff carefully and industriously. "What is it, after all?" said Barbary, in reply to Margaret's anxious admonition. It is just a frolicsome suggestion of cousin Susan's, and nothing more." "I am not satisfied with cousin Susan, and much less with her frolics. What an idea! Ought a modest, pious maiden, to seat herself, on St. Andrew's eve, in a dark room, and ask, with mystical words and gestures, who is to be her husband,—nay, and summon up spirits to show her his likeness? Barbara, the thing condemns itself. Who knows what horrid fiend you might raise! And only reflect how awful these times are. It is scarcely three years since the cruel Tilly reduced our beautiful town to dust and ashes,—only a few houses have been left uninjured, and, praised be the wonderful goodness of Providence! that ours is among the number." "Well, then," said Barbara, smiling, "the house appears to be in luck, and this is rather an encouragement to run such a hazard." "I do not think so," replied Margaret. "Whenever I pass through Magdeburg, and see the half-buried, half-shattered houses, and tall grass in many of the streets, and return to our safe dwelling, I am almost fore-

ed to throw myself on my knees, I feel my unworthiness so deeply; and could solemnly dedicate the remainder of my life to God, to give some proof, at least, of my gratitude for goodness so overwhelming." "The affair may well leave a deeper impression upon your mind," said Barbara, "for you were in the heart of the tumult, and it was but a hair-breadth escape that you made in the Cathedral, upon the intercession of the venerable priest, Bakius. How truly affecting it must have been, when he stood in the porch, and repeated the Latin verses to General Tilly, so that even his stony heart was softened, and he pardoned all the people, who were standing by hundreds in the church! All this has had less effect upon me. I was only told of it, you know, a month afterwards, in gay Vienna; and my parents were equally unconcerned, as they too had not been present in the scene of danger." "But what are your feelings," said Margaret, "when you behold so many death-crosses on the graves of our young citizens, who died like heroes, while attempting—in vain, alas!—to defend the town? This, I would think, must at least fill every eye with tears." "No," said Barbara, smiling; "for this very reason, young lovers are so rare, that I must resort to cousin Susan's ingenuity, and inquire who it can be that I am to have. Tomorrow is St. Andrew's eve. Revolve the subject with yourself till then, and accompany me. Good night!" She then left the room, singing and laughing; but Margaret buried her face, glowing and tear-bedewed, in her handkerchief.

Soon afterwards her mother came home. When she had shut the door, blown out the lantern-candle, and hung, after carefully brushing it, her clipped black velvet hood in its usual place behind the stove, she then sung the following lines:—

Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why thus with grief oppress?
Art thou disquieted in me,
In God still hope and rest.

Be of good courage, and He strength
Unto your hearts shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Doth on the Lord depend.

Then, for the first time, perceiving that her daughter was in tears, she stroked her moist cheeks, and said, "Have I saddened you with my hymn? Ah! my good daughter,—how far was I from wishing to do so! you ought rather to draw sweet consolation from these words,

Be of good courage, and He strength
Unto your heart shall send.

Be assured, Margaret, that *he* also will certainly be *strengthened*, for in pursuit of a nobler object no one could have fallen." "True! my dear mother," said Margaret; "and God will make all well." She then kissed the hand which stroked her, and sung the verse with a calmed heart, whilst the careful housewives extinguished the fire on the hearth, and they were already offering up their evening prayers in bed, when the town clock struck ten.

St. Andrew's eve arrived; but, despite of all the objections Margaret could urge against the strange and forbidding solemnities, cousin Susan's influence prevailed. She led Barbara up stairs to the dusky room, and soon after, with a sneer, glided past Margaret, who, with tearful eyes and a beating heart, was looking from the open door into the silent, glittering frostiness of the snow-covered streets.

Barbara soon rushed down the stairs in agony. Shuddering, she grasped Margaret by the arm, and whispered, as she tottered with her into the trusty room, "Ah! would that I had followed your advice, my dear sister! Now, I know that I am irrecoverably lost! A horrible monster is to be my husband."

Margaret attempted to speak comfort to her trembling friend; she also brought smelling-bottles, medicine, and every restorative her well-regulated house could furnish. By this means Barbara was at last so recruited, that she was able to relate what had befallen her.

"You must know, Margaret," said she, "that I did not positively believe what I had been told, and yet I felt icy shudders crossing me from head to foot, when cousin Susan quitted the dusky room, and left me by myself in the deepening night. But my fear increased to horror when I pronounced the mysterious words, and seated myself on the ground, according to her directions. Then the stair-case echoed with foot-falls,—yes, it did,—and they were loud, as if a man was coming up,—the door creaked, and a face appeared."

She clapped her hands before her eyes, and trembled violently. "In his withered, up-raised hand, the monster bore a lantern, which threw an oblique light on his shaggy hair, on his eyes rolling with madness, and his foaming lips. 'Art thou my bride?' he shrieked out, and, gaping convulsively, he began to hop about me. Margaret, how foolish I have been! God be praised, he did not stop long, and I gathered courage and strength to make my escape to you. But what signifies that? I must become his prey soon or late. Oh, luckless prophetic eve!"

"Calm your fears," said Margaret, with a mournful smile, and a downcast blush: "calm your fears, my poor Barbara; it has not been a spectre, but one, alas! who is a true object of pity—a hapless maniac. I must relate his history from the beginning."

"When the enemy marched against Magdeburg, no one was more active or zealous in mustering the city-soldiers than the young Lorenz Falk, who had already proved, on many occasions, the goodness of his heart, and the sincerity of his love for glory."

"I remember him perfectly," said Barbara, interrupting her friend. "When a little, yellow-haired boy, he used to play with us before the door in my father's garden. We always called him *eichkatzen*,* as he could spring up the trees so

quickly and so fearlessly; is it not the same?"

Margaret gave a nod of assent, and suppressing her tears, she continued; "That was indeed a happy time. During that gloomy period which commenced with the siege, he was very often in our house, for his post kept him fixed near the walls, not far from this, and my mother thought it an honor to treat so brave a defender of the town as hospitably as she could. Ah, Barbara, what a pious mind did he then unfold! And how brave and cheerful he was! He well knew how to banish care from himself, and from all who heard him speak. 'Magdeburg,' he said, 'is placed in the hand of God, and whoever wishes to feel its weight and its power, let him venture upon our walls.' He only laughed at Tilly and his cannon, and like a young, joyous lion, he poured destruction on the enemy."

"Margaret, my dear," said Barbara, interrupting her, "you have flushed and overheated yourself in attempting so kindly to allay my fears. Your cheeks glow like fire. Remove a little from the hearth."

Her friend hastily shoved back her chair into the gloom, and continued, though in a lower tone of voice,

"He might, indeed, be partly to blame for the inconsiderate remissness of the people when the enemy had apparently withdrawn, for, in this, he saw his presentiments of success joyfully realized, and he did what he could to encourage the projected festivities; but, in order to enter upon them with spirit, he advised all to rest, in the first place, after their toils. Alas! how suddenly did the enemy rush upon the slumbering town! Lorenz Falk fought like a lion; so did all his comrades; and if he was chargeable with any oversight, he atoned for it with his blood. He was found among the slain, under the smoking rafters of shattered houses. The deep gash on his head was at last cured, but his understand-

* Literally, oak-cat.

ing had deserted him, probably before he had received the wound, in the heat of his impetuosity, and in the sudden overthrow of all his hopes. For those who saw him last, asserted, that he laughed aloud, and cried out, Victoria, and averred that he was fighting on the ruins of conquered Rome. Every evening he hovers about that part of the wall where he was formerly stationed, and when he sees me at the door or the window, he stops, and greets me kindly and calmly; then he returns to the little hut which he has built of rubbish at the side of the Elbe. But if he does not see me he becomes occasionally wild and unmanageable. To-night I had neglected him. He must have slipped into the house, and terrified you, for, a short time before you came, I saw him rushing, bewildered, just as you describe him, from the house-door, and he did not even notice me."

Barbara, after thanking her friend for her consolatory information, slunk up stairs, though rather pale; but, while undressing herself, she had not courage to look into the mirror, for fear of seeing the horrid abomination lurking behind her shoulders; and when she extinguished the lamp, she sighed with a heavy heart, "Alas! that I should have trusted to cousin Susan, and her wicked advices!"

The moon was shining brightly in her course, when the poor distracted Lorenz returned in composure to his hut. As he had not seen Margaret all day, every thing appeared to him inexplicably confused, and almost bent upon thwarting his wishes. In the twilight he had thrown all into disorder,—his chair, and table and stool, and bottles and plates; but as the moon-beams were streaming forth, he again arranged his little furniture, and began to sing a plaintive air.

Young citizens who were crossing the Elbe-bridge, stopped, and heard him with emotion; maidens, in the adjacent houses, listened behind the half-opened windows, and wiped their eyes.

Next morning, cousin Susan came to Barbara, and asked to know the

issue of the experiment. As she now heard nothing but bitter imprecations on the wicked enterprise, and learned, by degrees, how horribly it had terminated, she began to inveigh against poor Margaret, and impute to her the disappointment of the sanguine hopes into which her young cousin had been seduced. "No," said she; "the shape must just have been on the point of entering,—the most polished of all the cavaliers you saw in Vienna; whereupon the envious Margaret hounds her mad sweetheart upon you; for how could the poor idiot otherwise have come directly to your room? and he, forsooth, drives away the image of him who is appointed by the stars to be your husband."

Coffee-grounds and a book of geomancy, were then put in requisition, and it was just the handsomest knight in Vienna that Barbara appeared to be destined for; and she had actually seen, and had in her mind, such a one as cousin Susan described. Of course, poor Margaret was from that time regarded with great aversion; and the cheerful meetings over the distaff came still sooner to an end, as the first flowers were starting at the call of the spring.

Cousin Susan's prediction appeared, meanwhile, on the fair road to fulfilment. One fine bright spring-day, Barbara had accompanied her parents to a delightful wood near the city, and they discovered a graceful cavalier asleep under a linden-tree; he had wrapped round his hand the bridle of his noble steed; and Barbara turned aside with a blush, for she saw too plainly that it was the handsome knight who used to ride past her window in Vienna. The youth awaked, but the blood rushed into his cheeks when he beheld Barbara: with graceful agility he sprang up, and conducted himself towards her parents in the most ingratiating manner; and before his retinue arrived, and threw, with their varied grandeur, new attractions over their blooming and elegant lord, he had already obtained permission to visit

the house of the vain citizen whenever he chose.

For many months after this, Barbara's life was spent amidst pomp and magnificence. Either the rich Count banqueted in her father's house, or had invited the whole family to some select entertainment. When they passed in a splendid carriage, or in some festal procession, through the more than half desolated streets, many a pale-faced citizen would gaze after them, and shake his head, and think, that such misplaced revelry could not come to a happy end. Barbara, however, was not disturbed by such considerations, or by the silent tear that gushed into Margaret's eyes whenever she happened to meet the haughty Count's betrothed; and cousin Susan used to smile, and whisper into Barbara's ear, "that springs from envy." The few hours that she could spare from the Count were dedicated to the old sybil who had predicted her present good fortune; she even joined with her on one occasion in a loud laugh, when they saw poor Lorenz Falk, in his quiet, inoffensive madness, approach at the usual hour, and, kindly greet Margaret as she stood by the door. "Do not be afraid, Miss Margaret," cried Barbara; "I will not cozen you of your enviable lover." Margaret instantly entered the house, and as she buried her face in her mother's lap, she melted into tears. "Be at rest, my poor child," said the old woman; "when we think that our heart will break under the discipline of our heavenly Father, his smile, a rainbow through tears, is secretly rising upon us, with its rich promises."

Soon afterwards a thunder-cloud appeared to threaten the happiness of the voluptuaries. One evening, at a very late hour, the Count came running to the house without his hat and mantle; he knocked again and again, with redoubled violence, but as no one heard him in the upper rooms, he at last beat against the window-shutters of Margaret's mother. The worthy, careful matron, went herself to open the door, as she

was unwilling to give an opportunity to the reprobate, for his foreign accent had already discovered him, of speaking, even as he passed, to her mild, beautiful daughter. Her meritorious precaution was, at this time, however, unnecessary. Foaming, the Count rushed past the old woman, and so little did he seem disposed to indulge in sidelong glances, that he would evidently have disregarded, in haste so reckless, the first beauty in Germany. Above there arose a great uproar. They heard the Count whetting his sword against the walls and doors of the passage, and Barbara weeping bitterly, and calling out to her bridegroom not to despair; then her father spoke some harsh and violent words. About an hour afterwards, quietness was restored. The Count came down stairs with a heavy bag of money under his arm, smiling and bowing; Barbara's mother lighted him to the door, and made a confused and elaborate apology for the disturbances.

In a few days, the whole town knew what had happened. The Count had been unfortunate at play with some gambling strangers, and he had pledged his word of honor that he would discharge his debt instantly. His intended father-in-law had been almost compelled, by the joint intercessions of mother and bride, to assist in saving him from ignominy and despair; but for some time afterwards the revellers were at rest,—the Count appeared humble and silent,—and Barbara laughed no more when Lorenz Falk, with his melancholy, distressful salutations, passed by Margaret's window.

But every thing was soon changed. Ample remittances were dispatched from the Count's estates; and Barbara's father received the money he had lent, with great interest, and splendid presents besides. The festivities were renewed, and had come to a height the evening before Barbara's marriage. Margaret being disturbed, as well as her mother, by the deafening clamour in their otherwise peaceable habitation, they had

withdrawn together to the cornfields. There, under the stars that praised him, the matron had hung with joy, and expatiated, in affecting language on the goodness of God, who had blessed the ripening harvest. Margaret culled a nosegay of beautiful flowers, and she also returned home in peace of heart. But when she heard the sounds of the cornet and the trumpet swelling from the windows of the bride, she felt as if the kindness of her heart was beginning to contract. Her mother looked on her, and said, with a shake of the head, "Ah! Margaret, I hope something akin to that wicked spirit, envy, may not be nestling in your heart, otherwise so pure." "God forbid, dear mother!" said the maiden. "My feelings are not disturbed on my own account, but on Barbara's. A fearful misgiving has for weeks almost tortured me to death." "Will you make a trial of yourself?" replied her mother. "Go immediately up, and present your flowers to the Count's bride; modestly and submissively wait at the door till she throw upon you and your trifling gift a favourable look, and if you can do all this with unruffled, charitable feelings, then you are safe from infection." "Mother of my heart," said Margaret, "cheerfully will I obey you; but consider that poor Lorenz will soon come up the street, and if I do not return his salutations from the door or window, he is thrown into disorder. You know that too well." "Why," said the old woman, "let him try to shift without you for once. Such obstacles the evil one always suggests whenever we are disposed to a useful trial. In the Lord's name, my daughter, go immediately."

Margaret humbly obeyed, and, sighing for poor Lorenz Falk, she went with her flowers up stairs.

In the brilliant saloon above, Barbara was surveying the people who were admiring, at the doors, the splendour of the festal preparations; and she was too attentive to every thing that flattered her self-importance, not to mark her old friend im-

mediately. She also observed that Margaret wished to speak to her, and intended to present her with a nosegay she held in her hand; "but," thought she, "the envious, repining girl, may wait;" so firmly had cousin Susan's poisonous insinuations taken root in a heart once so pure and kindly. But when the bridegroom sprang down the stairs, in order to make such arrangements, that a musical band on the outside might repeat, like an echo, the tunes that directed the dancers within, the bride thought, "it will be better to dispatch the poor thing that is dancing attendance upon me, as I have more leisure now than I may expect afterwards."

She immediately stepped up to Margaret, and, when the latter tendered the flowers with a humble courtesy, she said, "Keep them for yourself, Miss Margaret. They would only destroy my dress. But take this for your good intention."

She then offered her a double ducat; but Margaret started back, and motioned, with the flowers, a refusal of the money. "Ah, Barbara!" she exclaimed, struggling with sobs and tears, "Ah, Barbara! how grieved am I for you! Oh, do not give way to excessive pride, and think still on St. Andrew's eve!" She then hastened down stairs, covering her face with her veil. The bride remained standing at the door, pale and motionless.

The bridegroom soon returned home, almost as agitated as herself. Lorenz Falk, whose madness was inflamed by Margaret's unusual absence, had met him in the street, and seized upon him, and shrieked into his ear, "St. Andrew's eve! St. Andrew's eve! it was even thus on St. Andrew's eve!" That night had been painfully impressed upon his disordered senses; for then, also, she whom he loved was not to be seen. A convulsive shudder, like a mortal pang, crept over the ardent bridegroom, and yet he could not account for it satisfactorily. Bewildered, he tore himself from the maniac's grasp, rushed up stairs, and sought to stifle

his horrible feelings by wine and dancing. But as he was attempting, after a waltz, to exchange some trifling words with his pale bride, one of the company stepped up to them, and said jestingly,—playing on the superstition at that time so prevalent,—“Did the beautiful pair then see each other for the first time on St. Andrew’s eve?” With an exclamation of horror the bride and bridegroom started back, and, from that moment, a sad misgiving, like a dark cloud, lay heavy on the festive splendours.

Soon after the marriage, the Count, with his young wife and her parents, left the town; but Barbara cast only indignant glances on her friend, who was standing before the door to see her depart. In the house, as well as in the thinly-inhabited street, all was again silent. Poor Lorenz Falk every evening passed by at the usual hour, and never failed to receive the attentions that delighted him so much.

In this way several years ran on. It was then reported that a savage robber was lurking in the Hartz-Mountain. He had often ventured even into the plain, and had come off victorious in so many combats, that he was now considered invincible. Some of the most spirited youths in the town had taken arms against him; but instead of marching triumphantly through the gates with the robber as their captive, they returned bleeding, exhausted by the quickness of their flight, and partly without their horses and accoutrements. Other expeditions of the same kind were attended with the same results. The bloody Wurfel, so was the robber chief called, met with no further opposition. On this account, his audacity increased to such a height, and so many ruffians were continually trooping to his standard, that the fathers of the good town of Magdeburg, concerned for its ancient honour, and its widely-respected name, issued a proclamation, that all who had strength and courage to oppose the bloody Wurfel, should place themselves under the town-banner, for the protection

and peace of the neighborhood. But though the herald blew his trumpet loudly and lustily, only a very small band collected round him. As he was crossing the Elbe, some young citizens were standing on the strand, and were saying how willingly they would take arms in any other war,—but not against the wild robber-magician, with the frightful name. “Shame upon you! Quit yourselves like brave Magdeburgers!” exclaimed a young man close beside them; and such an impassioned flow of martial and animating words gushed upon their ears, that their hearts were already on fire, and their limbs braced for action, when they first remarked, that it was only the maniac, Lorenz Falk. “Go into thy hut, poor Lorenz,” said they; but he replied, “If I have been sick and deranged, I am so no longer, since there is something glorious to be done. Be assured, that the blasts of the herald’s trumpet and his proclamation have completely restored me.” To this he added many excellent and sensible observations, which fully convinced them that his understanding had actually returned; and they did not even hesitate to place themselves under the waving banner, with him at their head.

As they proceeded, the strength of the party was every moment increased, by people who, at first, merely wished to inquire what the maniac Lorenz could be doing; but when they learned, from the testimony of his companions, and from his own inspiring addresses, the wonderful change which had been produced upon him, they found themselves unable to quit his side. The band of volunteers at last presented themselves before the fathers of the city; and here Lorenz Falk, with amiable humility, told how his senses had abandoned him, when the terrible thought, that he was chargeable with the ruin of his father-land, rushed upon his mind; and how light and strength had returned to him, when he heard the proclamation, enjoining all to attempt something for the lib-

aries and peace of fellow-citizens and countrymen. The young men demanded him, with loud acclamations, for their leader against the bloody Wurfler. The council, overcome with joyful astonishment, willingly complied with the proposal; and Lorenz Falk, in full martial attire, attended with the cheers and good wishes of the people, soon marched at the head of his troops past Margaret's door, and bowed to her as he passed. Her heart, which had never disowned him, in the wandering visions of phrenzy, met with a full return of its love, now that he was crowned with pomp and splendour. She hastened into her little room to offer up thanks to God; and when she returned with the lambent smile of devotion on her lips, "Do you see, child," said the old matron, "how wisely He knows to gather what has gone astray!"

A few days afterwards, there arrived a dreadful report, that the wild Wurfler had enticed those who had marched against him into the wildest part of the mountain, and had there destroyed them. All the town was thrown into dismay. But Margaret's heart beat calmly:—"I cannot think," she said, "that the blessed God has so miraculously restored him, merely in order that he might be defeated!" and with internal serenity she continued to perform her domestic duties as usual, so that she gave her mother real pleasure. Soon afterwards, with the first misty rays of dawn, the sound of joyous martial music struck upon the ear of the early-waked Margaret. Blushing, like the fair morning itself, she hastened to the window, and beheld—Lorenz Falk approaching, in all the pomp of victory. In front of him was borne a curious sword, and a long spiral helmet, which a powerful blow had dyed with blood, and almost shattered to pieces. A herald announced, "that these were the arms of the bloody Wurfler,—that the brave young captain had wrested them from him with his own hand,—that the grim robber had then rushed in des-

pair over a ledge of rocks,—that the whole of his band had been either taken prisoners, or cut down, or dashed to pieces, and that the neighbourhood was now secure from all danger!" Loudly did the people shout, and Lorenz Falk bowed to those around him, even more handsomely and more joyfully than when he marched into the field.

Honoured by all his fellow-citizens, the young man was presented, a few weeks afterwards, with a senator's golden chain. He then rebuilt his house, which had been burned down, on the Elbe-strand; and conducted Margaret to it as his wife, amid the tearful blessings of her mother.

The married pair had lived together for two years in happiness and unanimity, and the heart of the old woman was filled with joy as often as she went to see them; for she could not be prevailed on to give up her own house. Also Margaret had presented her delighted husband with a beautiful boy. The amiable woman was sitting, one mild evening, before the door, awaiting the return of her Lorenz, who had gone out on the town's business. The child was playing at her feet. A sorry vehicle, covered with red tent-cloth, and drawn by one lean horse, rattled slowly over the ill-repaired pavement. The boy, delighting, like his father, in horses and all that pertained to them, crept towards it; his mother sprang up in terror, and while she was carrying her dear child to the side of the street, half-caressing, half-chiding him, she threw a cursory glance on the vehicle, and it was just stopping at her door. Margaret was so shocked, that she almost sunk to the ground with the child in her arms; for the pale face which, shaded with a deep-mourning veil, peered from the linen cover, was that of her old friend Barbara,—she who was once so proud and so cheerful. "Noble Countess," said Margaret, with a low courtesy, "how do I see you here, and with such an equipage?" But Barbara, with weeping eyes, descended from

the conveyance; and as Margaret observed that she had some secret to confide, she conducted her hastily into the house, commanding her servants to unload the little baggage, and to satisfy the demands of the driver.

Long and dismal was the tale of woe which Barbara had to unfold. In Vienna the Count had sunk deeper and deeper into all the miseries of gaming and drinking, and when he had exhausted his whole fortune, and Barbara's dowry, he absconded, and was now roaming, according to report, in utter desperation. Sorrow had brought her parents to a premature grave; and she had contrived to return, though with much difficulty, to Magdeburg, relying solely on the good feelings of a friend once despised. "God be praised and thanked, Barbara, that you have arrived here in safety!" said Margaret, and she immediately prepared for her a handsome room in the upper story, taking care to render it as agreeable and comfortable as she could, in order that her friend might be happy in her house, and contented to stay.

When Lorenz Falk returned, and heard of his new inmate, he seemed not to be altogether pleased; but, ever ready to do what is right, he immediately commanded his feelings, and received the stranger cheerfully and hospitably.

Under the influence of retirement and affectionate attention, Barbara's cheeks bloomed once more,—her eyes began to glisten anew,—and the amiable light-heartedness which had formerly brought misfortunes upon her, now assisted her to forget these misfortunes. But others were besetting her steps. Her heart was gored, whenever she looked upon the noble, the intelligent, the universally-respected Lorenz Falk, as he sat opposite her at table, or by her side in the private circle; for she could not divest herself of the thought that he was destined for her. It was he who had entered the room, on St. Andrew's eve, as her promised husband; and only an incomprehensible blindness, which was at best to be charg-

ed upon magic, had deprived her of him. She did not omit any opportunity of throwing out such thoughts in the form of jests, and was particularly studious to conduct herself in the most agreeable manner, and with the utmost elegance. It could not be denied, too, that the unobtrusive Margaret, although she might be considered handsomer than Barbara, frequently appeared to disadvantage upon comparison with her: and Lorenz often fixed his eyes involuntarily on the attractive stranger. Barbara observed this; and though she thought there was no ill in it, she was secretly very well contented. But the brave Lorenz Falk was not contented; and he did what, in such circumstances, all should do,—he kept at a distance from danger. It was to be regretted, however, that this honorable conduct occasioned the loss of many a happy hour to the family, and the ladies were almost always left alone with the child in the lengthening winter nights, while Lorenz was quite exhausting his constitution in the service of the town, with the view of expelling from his mind all idle thoughts.

At last Christmas, dear and blessed Christmas, approached. A weihnachtsfest (a Christmas feast) was to be prepared for the child's amusement, and before it all troubles and deceitful thoughts vanished from the father. He now delighted in home, and his mind was bright and clear, like a stream at noon-day, pure and tinted with "heaven's own blue." Barbara, on the contrary, frequently retired from the social circle, with feelings not a little hurt; but Lorenz, in the fulness of his domestic joy, did not appear to notice her absence. One afternoon, the child had been sent over to its grandmother, and the happy parents were busily employed in gilding the apples and nuts which were designed to glitter at the approaching festival between the lights of the green Christmas-tree: Barbara, too, was accompanying her harp with a sweet song, and they were listening to her. Dejectedly, she

placed the instrument in a corner, and with winged speed, hastened up to her chamber.

As she sat alone in the dusky room, while night was gathering over the windows, her thoughts reverted to years long past, and she almost felt as if she had reason to expect every moment an old acquaintance, who was to produce a wonderful change on her whole being and circumstances. She at last recollected this was St. Andrew's eve, the anniversary of that day when the noble Lorenz Falk had appeared before her so unhappy and so deranged. Transported into a sudden gush of tears, she buried her face in her hands, and exclaimed, "He was mine—he was destined for me!"

And hark! the stair-case echoed with the sound of footsteps, really and truly,—they were heavy and firm, like a man's,—the door creaked,—a face peered into the room.

Barbara might be rather said to be dead than alive. Every thing, from that moment appeared to be a repetition, only a far more hideous one, and a fulfilment of the terrible prophecy. In his lean up-raised hand the monster now carried a lantern,—a light from it fell upon his horrid shaggy hair, his madly-rolling eyes, and his foaming lips. "Art thou my bride?" he exclaimed, opening his mouth convulsively. But instead of hopping and running about her, like Lorenz Falk on St. Andrew's eve, this more horrible visitant, singing and laughing most hideously, lifted her up, and bore her to the door. Barbara uttered a scream of anguish, which brought forth her brave landlord. The monster, quitting his prey, now attacked Lorenz with fury; but the latter soon perceived that he had to cope with incensed madness, and must of necessity fall before it. With a half-stifled voice he called upon his servants to assist him. After many struggles, they gained the mastery over the frantic stranger, and bound, and threw him—for he had now fainted—on a servant's bed. But when all the people of the house were gaz-

ing upon him with looks of curiosity, and the glimmering light fell upon his wild countenance, pale as death, Lorenz Falk, shuddering, commanded every one to leave the room. All obeyed him except Barbara: she remained alone with him and the horrible prisoner.

"My lady," said Lorenz, after a pause, "depart before he revives, for his revival will be terrible." "Lorenz," she replied, with deep and altogether unusual solemnity, "it would be more proper that you should leave him than I, for you do not know this man."

"Well do I know him," said Lorenz; "it is the bloody Wurfler, whom I conquered in the Hartz-mountains."

Barbara became pale, and a visible shudder passed over her. At last, she said with a deep sigh, "I might easily have conceived it would be thus: yes I knew it, already in confident anticipation. But when I am told it so explicitly, the intelligence crushes my heart, for you must know, Herr Lorenz Falk, that in the bloody Wurfler I recognise the Count, my unfortunate husband. Alas! the prediction is now completely fulfilled."

Barbara never moved from the maniac's side. Compunction for her multiplied offences appeared suddenly to have rushed upon her, but, at the same time, the full feeling of her duty. Lorenz Falk, in all this, recognised a mysterious finger-mark, a saving warning from Heaven, and, with humble gratitude, he founded an hospital, and conducted the unhappy Count thither as its first nursing. Poor Barbara did not scruple to become the superintendent of the institution; and a few years afterwards, on St. Andrew's eve, the Count departed to the invisible world, in a moment of light and hope. She continued, however, faithful to the solemn office she had entered upon, and was honoured far and wide, in town and country, under the name of the kind lady Barbara. Lorenz and Margaret, on the contrary, had many chil-

dren, and lived long and happy together. With their little ones, they often visited the hospital, and brought from it feelings of solemnity and devotion; behind them, however,

there remained the bright beams of a blessing which had already risen to refresh Lady Barbara in her toilsome, pious occupations.

MY DOG'S EPITAPH. BY THE SUBALTERN.

SLEEP on, sleep on! thou gentle one,
Light lie the turf upon thy breast—
Thy toil is o'er, thy race is run,
Sleep on, and take thy rest!
In vain for thee were the 'larum note
Pour'd from the bugle's brazen throat—
The rolling drum thou heeded not,
Nor noise of signal gun.
Let charger tramp or warrior tread
Over the place of thy narrow bed—
They will not wake thee from the dead,
Thy mortal strife is done!

Sleep on, sleep on, thou faithful slave!
Unmindful though thy master keep
His vigils by thy nameless grave,
And think of thee and weep;
Not even his voice, beloved of yore,
That stir'd thee when the cannon's roar
Hath fail'd to rouse, shall rouse thee more
Out of thy slumbers deep!
No more for thee his whistle shrill
Shall sound through wood, o'er moor and hill—
Thy cry is mute, thy limbs are still
In everlasting sleep!

Sleep on, sleep on, no morrow's sun
Shall light thee to the battle back—
Thy fight hath closed, thy laurel's won,
And this thy bivouac.
On tented field or bloody plain,
For thee the watchfire flares in vain—
Thou wilt not share its warmth again
With him who loved thee well;
Nor when with toil and danger spent,
He rests beneath the firmament,
Thine eye upon his form be bent,
Thou trusty sentinel.

Sleep on, thou friend and comrade tried,
In battle, broil, and peaceful bower;
Thou'st left for once thy master's side,
But no'er in danger's hour.
Not thus inactive wert thou laid,
On that night of perilous ambuscade,
When level'd tube and brandish'd blade
Were at thy master's throat:
Then fierce and forward was thy bound,
And proud thy footstep press'd the ground,
When the tangled green-wood echoed round
With thy loud warning note.

Sleep on, sleep on; it is not now
The soldier's cloak, a covering meet
For that kind head; no more art thou
Couch'd at a soldier's feet.
What boots it now if storms be high,
Or summer breezes fan the sky?
Unheeded, both will pass thee by,
They cannot reach thee there;
Hunger and thirst thou mindest not—
Peril and pain alike forgot—
Be foul or fair thy master's lot,
That lot thou canst not share.

Then sleep, though gladly would I give
Half of the life preserved by thee,
Could'st thou, once more, my comrade, live
Thy short space o'er with me.
Vain wish, and impotent as vain;
'Tis but a mockery of pain,
To dream that aught may bring again
The spirit that hath flown.
But years steal by, and they who mourn
Another's fate, each in his turn
Shall tread one path, and reach one bourne—
Then, faithful friend, sleep on.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN NOVELISTS.

PETER KLAUS, THE GOATHERD.*

IN the village of Sittendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klaus, the Goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhausen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage, which widened as he went into a cavern;

* This seems to have suggested to Washington Irving the idea of his *Rip Van Winkle*.

and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and trampling of horses; he listened; and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps, which brought him into an open court-yard, surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights, which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine-pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter, in silence, to pick up the nine-pins, and went his way. Trembling every joint, Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life; and whenever he began to feel tired with running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long rank grass that

grew about him, and at trees and shrubs which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep paths, and the hillocks and roads, where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf; and, scratching his head, he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbours. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and, to his great surprise, found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream; and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhausen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots much as he had left them. Besides the lads who had all collected around him, answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Sittendorf, Sir."

Still shaking his head, he went further into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd, in an old tattered frock, lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and shewed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger with a long hoary beard, and asked him what he wanted. Now Peter thought it such a strange kind of a thing to stand before his own

house, inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that, evading these inquiries, he pronounced the first name that came into his head: "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg; whence, I suppose, you are not come to-day." "Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?" "The Lord rest his soul!" cried another old woman, leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers, two of his young neighbours, who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any further. At this moment there appeared making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman, with a year-

old baby in her arms, and a girl about four, taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are your names?" he inquired, in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus, to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him, day and night, upon the Kyffhäuser; for his flock came home without him, and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter, and no other;" and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one, and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbour, after twenty years absence, welcome home!"

JOHAN VON PASSAW.

It is related by Martin Luther, that a certain nobleman had once a young and beautiful wife, whom he had the misfortune to lose, and he buried her. A short time afterwards, as the baron and his page were sleeping in the same chamber, there came during the night the spirit of his deceased lady, and leaning over her lord's bed as if she were in the act of conversing with him. This was witnessed only by the page, who saw her also come a second time, and then, unable to disguise his fears, he inquired of his master what was the reason of a woman's figure, arrayed in white garments, appearing every night at his bed side. His lord replied by saying, that he was in the habit of sleeping all night long, that he had seen nothing. But on the ensuing night he kept himself awake, as well as his page, and behold! his deceased wife made her appearance. Her lord inquired who she was, and what it was she wanted. She said she was his own wife, his faithful housewife. He then inquired, "Are you not now dead

and buried?" She answered "Yes! it was on account of your curse, and your many sins that I died, and was compelled to die; but if you be sincere in your wish to have me restored to you, I may again become your faithful housewife." Her husband answered that he should be content, provided she could do so. She then explained and forewarned him, that he must not curse as he had before done, for that then she should again be doomed to die. He promised that he would not; and she was restored to his arms as formerly, managed his house, eat and drank at his table, and bore him several children.

Afterwards it happened that her husband was one day entertaining a few guests, and having supped, he requested his wife to bring some excellent gingerbread that they had from a little chest in another room. It was sometime before she returned, when her husband becoming impatient, uttered the fatal curse, and she disappeared in a moment. Thinking she had gone out again, he went and

sought for her in her chamber, but she was not there. There indeed he found part of the dress she had on: the other part had disappeared, a small portion only being met with in the chest over which she had been leaning; but his wife was no where to be found, and was never again seen.

SHAWL MANUFACTURE.

ACCIDENTAL circumstances lately called our attention to some facts connected with the history of the shawl manufacture, a short statement of which our readers may perhaps consider not without interest.—We need scarcely state, that this species of manufacture has risen almost from nothing within the last thirty years, and that little more than twenty years have passed since it was established in this city, which may now be considered as the chief seat of the finest, though not the most extensive, branch of the manufacture. Shawls were originally made in the East Indies, and they exhibit a curious example of the high perfection to which some single species of manufacture may be carried in a country where the arts in general are in a rude state. So highly are these India shawls prized in this country, that they fetch a price of 100*l.*, 200*l.*, or even 300*l.*, while the best of those of domestic manufacture can be had for 20*l.* or 30*l.* But what makes the preference shown to the foreign article the more surprising is, that no small proportion of the India shawls brought to Britain have been worn by the natives as turbans, girdles &c. before they were imported. This is no secret among dealers, for the marks of wearing are often manifest to an experienced eye, in the discoloration or roughening of the surface, the attenuation of the fabric at particular places, and now and then in actual rents and holes. Strange as it may seem, therefore, it is literally true, that our wealthy and titled dames are content to array themselves in the cast clothes of our Eastern subjects, which vestments, notwithstanding, have no small intrinsic value!

There are two substances of which the body or fabric of fine shawls is made—silk and wool. Silk has generally been employed in Britain; but the Hindoos use an extremely fine wool, and from the use of this material the India shawls derive much of their superiority. First, it gives them an exquisite softness and warmth, to which it is impossible to approach when the fabric is chiefly of silk. Secondly, the fine wool takes a brighter colour than silk, and keeps it incomparably better. Thirdly, the woollen fabric has an advantage which is perfectly understood by the ladies; its folds dispose themselves in more graceful and flowing lines, and of course it affords a finer drapery to the figure. With regard to the patterns, it must be admitted, that till we have discovered the mode of working the figure practised by the Indians, and till our weavers can subsist on twopence a day, and spend three or four years' labour on a single shawl, we shall scarcely be able to rival them. In the brightness of the dyes we already surpass the Hindoos, and the figures on their inferior shawls, which are sewed in or embroidered, are not nearly equal to the best of those which we execute in the loom; but in the finest of the India shawls the figures are wove in a manner which we cannot perfectly imitate, and of which our weavers only comprehend enough to perceive, that it must be extremely laborious and infinitely tedious. Indeed, it is certain, that even the smallest compartment of the figure must be worked on the principle on which we work an entire web—that the web must be turned at each margin of the compartment, though it should be but a tenth of an inch in breadth. The best idea we

can form of the process may be derived from the mode of laying in the figures of tapestry; and hence, too, the Indian mode of working enables them to sink the ground of the web more completely, and to exhibit the colours of the pattern in a more unmixed state than we possibly can. It is remarkable, too, that long practice has taught them to combine their colours with singular harmony, and to diversify their designs, without falling into extravagance or incongruity, to such a degree that the British manufacturer, with all his skill, finds it the best policy to copy their patterns, because he can seldom invent any thing better himself. In the execution of the figures, however, our manufacturers have made great progress within the last ten years; and this is not now the department in which their work has been felt to be most deficient. Latterly their leading object has been to rival the Indians in the fabric or basis of the web. Organsine silk was the material originally employed for warp, and upon this a weft of wool and silk, or of various mixtures of the two substances, was thrown in. This was succeeded, about 1804 or 1805, by spun silk, that is, the waste of Indian silk chopped into short lengths, and worked upon the same principle as wool or cotton—a process long kept secret, but now well known. It was made to resemble the Indian yarn very closely, and was deservedly considered a great improvement, though it still wanted the best properties of fine wool. Some years afterwards another step was made towards the introduction of the proper material, by preparing a weft of silk and Merino wool, which received the name of Persian yarn. This still continues partially in use. At length, about three years ago, an attempt was made to make the fabric of wool entirely. To the substance employed, the name of Van Diemen's Land, or Indian, or Thibet wool, was given, though in reality it consisted merely of picked quantities taken from picked Saxon or English fleeces. Of this a fabric

was made which surpassed those previously used, but it was still deficient in the exquisite softness and warmth which the Indian wool possesses, and what was not of less importance, no figure could be worked in upon it with accuracy and beauty. British enterprise, however, is not easily discouraged. Inquiries were set on foot in the East; and specimens of the actual material used in the fabrication of the very finest shawls were brought home. It was found to consist of the undergrowth of wool of the Thibet goat, or the down growing beneath the long rough hairs which form the exterior covering of the animal. It was found, too, that the article, though very expensive, could be procured in considerable quantities. But a new difficulty presented itself—this down was so extremely tender, that the most expert spinners in England despaired of forming it into a thread of sufficient tenacity to bear the operation of the loom. The practical skill and invention of our artisans is, however, inexhaustible; and we verily believe, that if it were required to convert spider's webs into cables, they would find means to accomplish it. An English spinner discovered a process by which he was able to form a very delicate yet firm and durable thread out of this soft material, and, according to custom, he secured his invention by a patent. Some farther difficulties remained, but not of very great magnitude. Our manufacturers had some advantages before, which the natives of the East wanted; and having now the material in their hands which gave the others their chief superiority, they were in a condition to unite every possible excellence in their workmanship. We think we may safely say that this has been attained. We have seen shawls of the new fabric made by our townsmen, Gibb and M'Donald (who hold the first rank, we believe, in this branch of manufacture), quite admirable in point of softness, delicacy of texture, and vividness of colour, and which we have been assured by adequate judges, rival the India shawls

in these, and indeed in all the leading qualities for which the latter are prized. Some superiority the Indians have still in their patterns, from the tedious process they employ; but this will be confined to shawls of the very first class. In the others we already equal or surpass them, and future improvements will probably leave us little to desire on this head. To those who know how much our manufactures contribute to our national wealth, we need scarcely say, that the successful establishment of a branch of industry like this is really an object of national importance. India muslins have been already superseded by the skill of our artisans; and it is probable that India shawls

are destined soon to share the same fate. Custom may keep up the old predilection for a time; but self-interest will teach people to save the two or three hundred pounds paid for an India shawl, when they can have one for ten, twenty, or thirty, so closely resembling the other in fabric and appearance, that only the practised eye of the dealer can detect the difference. Thirty years ago there was not a single shawl made in Edinburgh, and the number made in Britain was absolutely trifling. At this day, shawls are made to the value of a million sterling annually at least, and the manufacture now forms a leading branch of our national industry.

VARIETIES.

LORD BYRON.

HIS Lordship was sometimes fond of indulging a malicious propensity of setting his friends at cross purposes. He, Rogers, and Moore, were members of a club, in which extravagant expenditure was frequently resorted to. Mr. Rogers having latterly given up all connexion with the said club, in his capacity of friendly counsellor of Moore, he strongly advised him to do so likewise. The latter promised acquiescence as soon as some pecuniary matters betwixt him and the club should be arranged. In the meantime, at Mr. R.'s further request, he promised not to attend a supper party of the club that evening: happening to meet Byron afterwards, his Lordship's superior influence prevailed, and secured Mr. Moore's attendance, but upon the stipulation, that Rogers, (at whose table they were to dine the following afternoon previous to their going to Drury-Lane Theatre,) should not be informed of it. Mr. Moore was punctual to the hour; not so his Lordship, who, instead, sent a card to Mr. Rogers, stating, that "Moore and he had had such hard doings at the club

last night, as must really plead his excuse of absence." Mr. R. with some expression of chagrin, handed the card to Moore, who, in his turn, had no alternative but that of a candid explanation of all the circumstances. Byron came, however, in his carriage in proper time to convey them to the theatre, and, in their way thither, Rogers and Moore read him such a lecture on his reckless conduct, that when the vehicle stopped at the walls of Drury, his Lordship instantly sprang out of it, and disappeared for the remainder of the evening.

MERIDIAN.

The custom of taking a "meridian," otherwise a dram of ardent spirits in the forenoon, once too prevalent in Scotland, has now fortunately fallen into desuetude, or is at most confined to the labouring classes, if we except Glasgow and Forfar. There, among several members of the legal and mercantile professions, the odious habit is not yet abolished. Two worthy citizens of Glasgow, one Mr. B——, a merchant, the other Mr. M——, a member of a banking establishment, were wont to

meet, punctual as the sun-dial, to time and place, and drink their "*meridian*." But it was Mr. M.'s peculiar hard fate, on his return, to be jibed by his sober companions of the counting-house. "*Stolen waters are sweet*;" and it was all to no purpose that Mr. M. swore he had tasted nothing stronger than water all that blessed day; but his companions at the ledgers *thought*, like Falstaff's cronies, "O, villain! your lips are not yet wiped since last you drank," and they said, "Pray turn your breath aside, Mr. M., for it is quite pestilential." His co-potator, Mr. B., knew of this, and getting into pecuniary embarrassments, as all dram-drinking merchants sooner or later must, the following dialogue took place one morning soon after:

Mr. B. I have discovered a recipe for the smell of brandy.

Mr. M. Have you, by — ?

Mr. B. Indeed I have, Mr. M., and it is at your service.

Mr. M. You are an excellent fellow, by —; I'll give you *two* gills when we meet this forenoon.

Mr. B. Thanks; and perhaps you'll do me another favour.

Mr. M. Name it, only name it, man!

Mr. B. Why, it is only to use your influence with the good folks in your bank to get this bit of paper melted.

Mr. M. Count it as done, my good fellow,—count it as done, man!

(SCENE II. of this dramatic piece occurs in a tavern, the time meridian, and a gill of brandy on the table.)

Mr. B. Here's to your good health, Mr. M.

Mr. M. Thanks to you, Mr. B.; here's to your health, and there are the proceeds of your bill. Now, my good fellow, now for your preventative to the smell of the brandy.

Mr. B. O, aye, (*rings the bell, and enter waiter.*) Waiter, bring me the thingumbob I told you of.

Mr. M. By G—, B., it's a grand discovery; how the deuce, man, did you hit upon it? (*re-enter waiter, with another gill measure.*)

Mr. B. Here it is, Mr. M.; just take a glass of this here rum. It will, to a dead certainty, put away the smell of your brandy!

TRANSPARENCY OF THE OCEAN.

During the French voyage of discovery performed by the *Coquille*, experiments were regularly made for the purpose of determining to what depth it is possible to see, where the bottom is of a decidedly white tint; it was in some degree, a measure of the transparency of the water. The apparatus employed was composed of a plank two feet in diameter, painted white, and having weights attached in such a manner, that in descending in the water it would remain horizontal. The results, as might be expected, were very dissimilar. At Offale, in the isle of Waigiu, in calm and cloudy weather, on the 13th of September, the disc appeared when it had sunk to 18 metres (59 feet). The next day, the 14th, the sky being clear, the same disc was not lost sight of till at the depth of 23 metres (75.3 feet). At Port Jackson, the 12th and 13th of February, the plank could never be seen at the depth of more than 12 metres (38.3 feet) in a dead calm. The mean at New-Zealand in April was a metre less. At the isle of Ascension, in January, under favourable circumstances, the extreme limits in a series of eleven experiments, are 28 and 36 feet.

MORE FUNNING.

A wholesale grocer in Aberdeen, being lately employed in raising a barrel of sugar to an upper apartment in his premises, by means of a crane, or joist, in common parlance, a *jeest*, unluckily the machinery gave way, and the barrel, according to the laws of gravitation, bounded, with a *facilis descensus*, to its former station. A young wine-merchant in the immediate neighbourhood, famed for wit and pun, standing at the door of his counting-house, eyeing the process, now stepped forward to the scene, and coolly exclaimed, "Well, I never before knew so sudden a fall

of sugar." The owner, in no humour to relish a joke, remarked, that the accident was of no jesting nature, to which the inveterate punster instantly replied, "You have no great reason to complain, since you must readily admit, that, on the present occasion, you were the first to crack a jest!"

A WAY TO DO BETTER.

The English commercial travellers have become almost proverbial for their love of *gourmanderie*, exemplified in their incessant talking of the qualities of inns, and rightly cooked dishes. The late Mr. L., well known in the commercial room, was so notorious in his liking of roast pig for dinner, that rather than push forward, on a journey, to expedite business, he has been known to prolong his stay at an inn for no better purpose than that of participating in the destruction of a whole choice litter. In after years, Mr. L. got into such sorry circumstances, as compelled him sometimes to accept a dinner-invitation, proffered in charity, from individuals whom he had formerly met on more equal terms. One of those meeting Mr. L. one morning, accosted him thus, "Come and take pot-luck with me to-day, if you cannot do better." Mr. L. assented. On being ushered, at the hour appointed, into the mansion of his quondam friend, and seeing the dinner-table set for two only, with only a single dish, consisting of a joint of roast-mutton upon it, he instantly retreated, saying, "Good afternoon, Mr. M.; I now see that *I can do better.*"

A PRIVATE EARTHQUAKE.

Commercial travellers, domiciled at inns, do not always make Sunday a day of rest, although the bag, the order-book, and other insignia of office, be safely stowed in some quiet corner; yet a heavy bill and an aching head on Monday, prove sad mementoes of the hard work in which their owners had been engaged. A

rainy Sunday, in particular, is sure to benefit the landlord, by making the "stout gentleman" a good customer. One Saturday, lately, two cronies, an Englishman and a Scotchman, met at the inn of a northern burgh, and were so unsocial as to separate after breakfast on Sunday morning, with the view of spending the rest of the day among their respective friends in the place, and of avoiding the dinner-party in the commercial room. The Englishman returned to the inn about ten in the evening, and slipped up stairs quietly to his bed-room. The Scotchman followed his friend's example about eleven, but during the night, he awoke and found himself stuck fast betwixt his bed-side and bed-room wall. With a bruised arm, it cost him some labour to extricate himself from that position. Sawney, however, resolved to be silent about this affair, assured that its recital would only provoke his friend to exclaim, "Oh! you had got too much of the Provost's wine yesterday." But, somewhat to his surprise and greatly to his relief, when they met at breakfast, the Englishman exclaimed, "By — there must have been an earthquake here, for, during the night, I found myself jolted in my bed into a sitting posture." On this, Sawney instantly related his own mishap, and agreed most readily with his friend, that there *must have been an earthquake.*

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I have travelled in the far countries of the West, and climbed the snowy mountains of the North; I have viewed the riches and splendour of Hindostan, the power and arts of Europe; I have been where the blessed Nile distributes along the vale of Egypt the gifts of the Most High, and have seen the minarets of Kabira the Victorious rise from the midst of the golden clusters of the cassia-trees. I have prayed at the birth-place of the Prophet; I have

* See "Tales of a Traveller."

performed my ablutions in the marble baths of Istambol; I have wandered in the shades of Benares, and filled my cup in the sacred waters of the Ganges;—yet have my eyes beheld nothing so pleasant as the rose-gardens of Shiraz. Why does content meet me only there, yet dwell with the Arab when he gathers his harvest of yellow dates, and with the remote inhabitant of countries the sun delays to look upon? The rose blooms in other lands, and the nightingale sings in other bowers, and the voice of music is awakened by damsels fair as the forms which glittered in the visions of Hafiz when he drank the liquid amber of Kishme in the gardens of delight; but the exile has no pleasure in their beauty.—Wherever the Most High has caused his creatures to arise, there he has ordained content to dwell with them. It is this which sends her to the Arab in his deserts, and to me under the shade of a spreading vine by the fountain of Rokuabad.

CABINET OF M. DENON.

Among the historical relics of M. Denon's cabinet, lately disposed of at Paris, are many of the implements which belonged to the Inquisition at Valladolid; the ring of Jean-Sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Monttereau; plaster-casts of the faces of Cromwell and Charles XII.: fragments of the bones of the Cid, found in his burying-place at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Abelard and Eloise, taken out of their tomb at Paraclete; the hair of Agnes Sorel, who was buried at Loches, and of Ines de Castro, who was buried at Alcaboca; part of the mustachio of Henry IV. King of France, found entire on the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France, at St. Dennis, in 1793; a fragment of Turenne's shroud; some of Moliere's and La Fontaine's bones; one of Voltaire's teeth; an autograph signature of Napoleon, with a bloody piece of the shirt he wore at the time of his death, a lock of his hair, and a

leaf of the willow under which he lies at St. Helena!!!

TO CLEAN ALABASTER SCULPTURES.

Spots of grease are first to be removed with spirits of turpentine; the article is then immersed in water, where it is suffered to remain about ten minutes, or, perhaps, a little longer, if the thing be very dirty; it is then rubbed over with a painter's brush, suffered to dry, and then rubbed over with a soft brush, dipped into finely-powdered plaster of Paris, when the article will be found perfectly clean, as if just from the hands of the sculptor.

A piece of sculpture that would take several days to clean by the usual way, with fish skin and Dutch rushes, is, by this process, completed in half an hour.

ASTRONOMY.

A discovery as unexpected as troublesome to all practical astronomers, has recently been made, namely, that the very best catalogue of stars cannot be depended upon, in some instances, even to half a minute, for stars of a small magnitude. This is supposed to have arisen from the use of two instruments in determining transits and altitudes, whereby faint stars have been frequently mistaken for each other, when their distance has been comparatively inconsiderable. A re-examination of the heavens must now take place, and to obviate similar errors for the future, it appears that a transit telescope with a declination circle attached, is the only instrument upon which reliance can be placed.

MUTUAL MYSTIFICATION.

A celebrated Orientalist, political economist, metaphysician, and divine, &c. member of a Provincial University in Scotland, being asked if he had read Mr. Owen's plans for the improvement of society, replied, "Yes; he sent me a copy of his work." "And did you understand it?" "No, but there *I am upsides with him*, for I have sent him a copy of my Essay on the Trinity."

